

THE
SONS OF ST. DAVID.



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THE
SONS OF ST. DAVID.

A Cambro-British historical Tale,

OF THE
FOURTEENTH CENTURY.



WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES AND REFERENCES.



IN THREE VOLUMES.



BY GRIFFITHS' AP. GRIFFITHS, Esq.

O galon a haelioni,
O blaid, dds a'r bêl i ti.

(O heart and generosity, from the multitude, for thyself, bear away the bell.)

VOL. I.



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“ WALES, anciently WALLIA, say our law authorities, is part of England on the west side, formerly divided into three provinces, North Wales, South Wales, and West Wales, and inhabited by the offspring of the ancient Britons, chased thither by the Saxons.

“ England and Wales were originally but one nation, and so they continued till the time of the Roman irruption. When the Romans overrun the greatest part of the kingdom, those brave Britons would not submit to their yoke, betook themselves to the mountains of Wales, from whence they came again soon after.

the Romans were driven away by their dissensions here. After this came the Saxons, and gave them another disturbance; and then the kingdom was divided into an heptarchy, and then also began the Welsh to be distinguished from the English. Yet it is observable, that though Wales had princes of their own, the king of England had the superiority over them, for to him they paid homage."

CAMDEN, p. 67.



THE
SONS OF ST. DAVID.

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**CHAPTER I.**

~~~~~

Oh Glory, how deceitful is thy view !
Such are thy charms, that o'er th' uncertain way
Of vice and faction, thou, to hide the danger,
Dost to the outward eye show fair appearance,
And then, too late, looks backward to the path
Of long-neglected virtue. HAYARD.

A Welsh Chief.

IN that romantic part of North Wales,
where, in days of yore, the hardy inha-
bitants, after valiantly combatting the
legions of Cæsar, still mocked them
with a show of independence in the fast-

nesses of their mountains, while other nations of Europe had already submitted to the Romish yoke, upon a promontory which proudly overlooks the beautiful bay of Beaumaris, and, in other points of view, embracing the stupendous mountain, Penman-Mawr, the ancient city of Bangor, and a vast circumjacent country, stood the ancient and strongly-fortified Castle of Llangeveny, of which now, alas! not a wreck remains behind, the residence of the ancient family of Ap Rhys, who boasted a lineage from Llewellyn the Great, prince of Wales.

Of the royal and noble possessors of this domain, Welsh bards, the earliest historians of their country, attuned the lyre in the most enthusiastic strains, and have left to posterity some of their rude
records

records of the exploits of their heroic chiefs. One of their most popular songs, in a superior manner, recorded the fame of Gruffydh ap Rhys; and the history of that gallant but unfortunate prince has, of very late years, been more fully investigated by sir Richard Colt Hoare, baronet, in his *Itinerary of the celebrated Archbishop Baldwin*, originally published in Latin by Giraldus de Barri.

“ In the reign of Henry the First,” says the indefatigable and learned baronet, “ Gruffydh, son of Rhys ap Theodor, held, under the king, the fourth part of the cantred of Caoc, in the cantref Mawr, which, in title and dignity, was esteemed by the Welsſh equal to the southern part of Wales, called Deheubarth. When Gruffydh, on his return

from the king's court, passed near the great lake of Brecheinoc, which at that cold season of the year was covered with water-fowl of various sorts, being accompanied by Milo, earl of Hereford and lord of Brecheinoc, and Payn Fitz John, lord of Ewyas, who were at that time secretaries and privy-counsellors to the king, earl Milo, wishing to draw forth from Gruffydh some discourse concerning his innate nobility, rather jocularly than seriously thus addressed him—‘It is an ancient saying in Wales, that if the natural prince of the country, coming to this lake, shall order the birds to sing, they will immediately obey him.’ To which Gruffydh, richer in mind than in gold (for though his inheritance was diminished, his ambition and dignity still remained),

mained), answered—‘ Do you, therefore, who now hold the dominion of this land, first give the command.’

“ But he and Payn having in vain commanded, and Gruffydh perceiving that it was necessary for him to do so in his turn, dismounted from his horse, and falling on his knees towards the east, as if he had been about to engage in battle, prostrate on the ground, with his eyes and hands uplifted towards heaven, poured forth devout prayers to the Lord; at length, rising up and signing his face and forehead with the figure of the cross, he thus openly spake—‘ Almighty God, and Lord Jesus Christ, who knowest all things, declare here this day thy power! If thou hast caused me to descend lineally from the natural princes of Wales, I command these birds, in thy name, to

B 4

declare.

declare it; and immediately the birds, beating the water with their wings, began to cry aloud, and proclaim him.

“ The spectators were astonished and confounded; and earl Milo hastily returning with Payn Fitz John to court, related this singular occurrence to the king, who is said to have replied—‘ By the death of Christ! (an oath he was accustomed to use), it is not a matter of so much wonder; for although, by our great authority, we commit acts of violence and wrong against these people, yet they are known to be the rightful inheritors of this land.”

This author, further speaking of prince Gruffydh ap Rhys, informs us that he was son of Rhys ap Theodor, who, in defence of his country, was slain in battle in the year 1090. “ About the year

1113 there was a talk of Gruffydh, the sonne of Rhys ap Theodor, who, for feare of the king, had been of a child brought up in Ireland, and had come over two years past, which time he had spent privilie with his friends, kinsfolks, and affines, as with Gerald Steward of Pembroke, his brother-in-law, and others; but at last he was accused to the king, that he intended the kingdome of South Wales, as his father had enjoyed it, which was now in the king's hands, and that all the country hoped of liberty through him, therefore the king sent to take him; but Gruffydh ap Rhys hearing this, sent to Gruffyth ap Conan, prince of North Wales, desiring him of his aid, and that he might remain safelie within his countrie; which he granted, and received him joyously for his fa-

ther's sake. He afterwards proved so troublesome and successful an antagonist, that the king endeavoured, by every possible means, to get him into his power. To Gruffyth ap Conan he offered 'mountains of gold to send Gruffydh or his head to him;' and at a subsequent period he sent for Owen ap Cadogan, and said to him—"Owen, I have found thee true and faithful unto me, therefore I desire thee to take or kill that murtherer, Gruffydh ap Rhys, that doth so trouble my loving subjects." But Gruffydh escaped all the snares which the king had laid for him, and, in the year 1137, died a natural and honourable death."

In the Welsh Chronicle this princely hero is styled "the light, honour, and staie of South Wales." At the court of
North

North Wales he became enamoured of Gwenlhian, daughter to the prince Gruffyth ap Conan, who was under his protection from the incensed king Henry of England, and married her. By this union he left a son, who was called lord Rhys; but driven from his principality in the south of Wales, he established himself in Llangaveny Castle, where, living in quiet upon lands the portion of his wife, the king sought not to persecute the son for the alleged but false charges against the father.

In the times whereof we treat, men were bold, hardy, and enterprising; and those of renown decided their controversies in a trial by battle, the law of chivalry; yet were all amenable to the rules of nature in their employments and recreations; they broke their fast at sun-

rise, dined at his glorious meridian, and at twilight sunk into repose, rendered sweet by the manly exercise of the day. This good old usage, even to the reign of Elizabeth, when grateful sips of tea were yet unknown, the fashionable part of society displayed the beautiful bloom of nature; females, unindulged in the hotbed of midnight dissipation, arose with the beauty and renovation of the morn, smiling through the charms produced by undisturbed slumbers, and gaily performing the duties of their respective stations.

Such were the outlines of the very ancient family of Ap Rhys, and none in Britain boasts a longer lineage; from whom, notwithstanding the gradual corruption of succeeding ages, with little deterioration, descended, as we are told,
the

the present Ap Reeces (1). Language, as well as the manners of men, have, however, certainly changed; and the worthy baronet, now its chief representative, may thus have found, as well an alteration in the orthography of name, as the privation of royalty.

It was in the reign of Edward the Third, and about half a century after that king's grandfather had possessed himself of Wales, when Gwilym ap Rhys was in possession of this venerable but still-strong fortification. Following the example of his ancestors, he could not forgive what he termed cajoling him of his country; and he therefore shut himself in his castle, determined yet to resist the degradation of doing homage to a ruler pretending to the heirship of Welsh princes, his ancestors, who never
had

had one drop of the blood of Wales circulating through his veins—"No!" would Ap Rhys exclaim, "I will never crouch to a race, however noble they may be, that could unprovokedly make war upon my country, and when, as against the Romans, and the barbarians who followed them in the work of desolation, whether Danes, Saxons, or the more hateful Normans, who curfewed the conquered English into the dark (2), while they pillaged them of their goods, and violated their females—I'll not, I say, bend to the grandson of him who could meanly cajole us, by bringing his queen to her *accouchement* in Caernarvon Castle, and then calling the brat Prince of Wales."

The reigning king finding all methods prove abortive to win the affections of

the Welsh, had recourse to a politic, though dangerous experiment; his queen being far gone in pregnancy, though the season was severe, being the depth of winter, he ordered her to repair to the castle of Caernarvon. Supposing her time of delivery to be near, he assembled the principal men at Rhuddlan to consult about the public good. Informed, while here, that the queen was delivered of a son, he addressed the Welsh nobility, observing they had often entreated him to appoint them a prince; as he had occasion to leave the country at this time, he would comply with their request, on condition they would swear allegiance to the person he should nominate. With this proposition the Welsh acquiesced, with the single reserve, that

he

he should appoint *one of their own nation*. The king gave them assurance that he would nominate "one born in Wales, who could not speak a word of English, and whose life and conversation would bear the strictest inquiry."

This person the Welsh agreed to own and obey; but what was the astonishment of these deluded men, when the king named his own son, just born in Caernarvon Castle!

This ill-fated prince was born in a little dark room, the area of which did not extend twelve feet by eight feet; so little did a royal consort in those days consult either pomp or conveniency.

From continued brooding over the fallen state of his country, for such he maintained it had been during the reigns
of

of three English kings, added to his loss of rank and title, though yet a rich chieftain, Ap Rhys became moody and melancholy. Blessed with an amiable wife and dutiful daughter, he was still fretful, even in his domestic concerns; the female part of his family were little less than prisoners in his castle, a fortification under the command of a surly governor: Dame Ap Rhys, a lady of delicate constitution and conciliating manners, would have already sunk under its effects, but for the consolation of her daughter, the beautiful Llydila; and as it was, her health was declining. This amiable girl soothed her mother's sorrows, unconscious of the full extent of the cause; and not tasting, as yet, of the pleasures of society abroad, she felt

not the privations to which she was subject; her mind was by nature endowed with exquisite sensibility, and her affections strong towards her parents.

CHAPTER II.

Tecca ei llun, a brasia ei llais,

Yw'r Delyn farnais

Newydd;

Ti a haeddit glôd am fod yn fwyn,

Tydi ydyw liwyn

Llawenydd;

Te ddaw'r adar yn y man,

I diwnio dan

D'adenydd!

PENNILLION.

.....

“Beauteous in form the harp appears,

Its music charms our ravish'd ears;

Less varied strains awake the grove,

Fill'd with the notes of spring and love;

Hither the muses oft shall throng,

Inspire the theme and swell the song!”

Welsh Bards.

Now was learning at its lowest ebb; superstition, like an incubus, pressed hard
upon

upon each struggling effort of the muse ;
bards alone sang traditionary stanzas in
honour of some warrior, or glorious
struggle in battle with the foes of Wales.
By the invasion of the Romans, the barbarous incursions of Danes, Saxons, and
Romans, who in turn overran the best
parts of their country, their early poetry
and music suffered irreparable injuries ;
their manuscripts were, by those ruthless
hands, destroyed, and the clergy
and the bards frequently murdered ;
some fragments, however, escaped the
despoilers, and tradition has handed
down to our own times many sublime
ideas of the itinerant poets and musicians
of this ancient principality. If we ex-
cept the Chinese, and this even may be
a disputable point, no nation can pro-
duce works of so remote antiquity, such
unimpeached

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unimpeached authority, as the Welsh; they claim the establishment of their bards to have been founded by Bardus, the fifth king of Britain, who began his reign in the year of the world 2089; from that remote period did the bard sing his verse to the soft strains of the harp (3). The sixth century is, by the historian, termed the golden age of Welsh poetry; then was the last successful struggle with the Saxons, and then did the bard attune his harp with greater energy, at the head of his embattled countrymen, to drive from his land the barbarian invader.

The bards, from that successful repulse of their enemy, may be said to have flourished until the dissolution of their princely government, when they were constrained to exercise their art

as

as wanderers in their native land. In this itinerant way did they, however, exercise their art, and for a time seemed to be regaining their almost-lost functions under the fostering arm of John of Gaunt; nor was the order entirely destroyed until the capricious Elizabeth swayed the sceptre of England.

The only day of mirth now known at Llangaveny Castle was when the bard struck the chord of his harp within its ancient walls. To him the gates were ever opened; the board was then plentifully spread, and mirth resounded through the walls; for such had been the custom of the ancestors of Ap Rhys, who would unbend the pursed brow to listen to the strains. How fine the figure of the poet, who sings, that

“ Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,
To soften rocks, and bend the knotty oak.”

From the fabulous times when Orpheus is said, with his lyre, to have charmed the beasts of the forest, man, in his rudest state, has bent to the powers of music, and his stern nature ever melted by the exquisite charms of melody. The minstrel who then occasionally gave the face of joy in the castle was the most celebrated of all Welsh bards; such, however, was the poor encouragement afforded to the science in the fourteenth century, that the great genius, Dafydd ap Gwilym, supported himself by travelling from one noble domain to another with his harp on his back, if not to solicit eleemosynary donations.

Of such a man, the father of Welsh music, as Chaucer is called of English poetry,

poetry, it may not be time misspent to quote that correct historian, Bingley, in his account of North Wales.

“Dafydd ap Gwilym began and ended his life in the fourteenth century. He died about the year 1398, and there is great reason to suppose that at this time he was upwards of sixty years of age. The isle of Anglesea and the county of Cardigan alike claim the honour of his birth, and there are no documents sufficiently authentic to decide the contention.

“His father, Gwilym Gam, was a lineal descendant from the Welsh princes. The traditionary and written accounts extant concerning our bard seem to prove, that on his mother's friends discovering her to be pregnant, she was turned out of doors; in this dilemma

lemma she put herself under the protection of her lover, who immediately married her. On a subsequent reconciliation with her parents, the boy was taken into the family of one of his uncles, who had him instructed in every kind of learning conducive to a knowledge of poetry.

“At the age of fifteen Dafydd returned to his parents; but being an untractable youth, of wild and ungovernable spirits, he so often lampooned them in his poetical compositions, that he was at length compelled to quit his home, and seek for refuge under the roof of Ifor Hael, a relation of his father, in Cardiganshire.

“Ifor employed Dafydd as his steward, and assigned his daughter to his
VOL. L C tuition.

tuition. He had not occupied this situation long before it was discovered that a mutual attachment had taken place between the youthful tutor and his pupil. The consequence to her was an immediate consignment to a nunnery in Anglesea. Her bard followed her to the island, and, disguised as a servant, hired himself to the abbot of a neighbouring monastery, in the hopes of once more obtaining a sight of the object of his wishes, and probably of persuading her to elope with him. Finding, however, that all his endeavours were fruitless, his ardour at length gave way to reflection—he soon after returned to South Wales, and was again received by his generous patron, whose house he found an agreeable asylum for many years. During his residence

dence here he was elected to the chair of the Eisteddfod, the highest bardic honour that he could attain.

“Dafydd possessed an elegant person, and this, with his numerous accomplishments, rendered him a great favourite with the fair sex. He is described to have been tall and slender, and to have yellow hair, flowing in beautiful ringlets over his shoulders. His dress, according to the manners of the age in which he lived, consisted of a pair of long trousers; a close jacket, tied round his waist with a sash, that suspended a sword of no inconsiderable length; and a loose gown, trimmed with fur, which he wore over the whole; on his head he had a round cap or bonnet. He was one of the greatest beaux of his age, and his conduct towards the women brought

him into many unlucky scrapes, which he has occasionally mentioned in different parts of his works.

“ He is said to have had no fewer than twenty-four mistresses, and he one day made an assignation with each of them, under a neighbouring oak-tree. The merry bard took care to be on the spot before the time appointed, and climbing the tree, sat there perfectly concealed from view. Every one was punctual to the time, and a singular scene occurred. They gazed in astonishment at one another, each secretly provoked at so strange and so unlucky an accident. Explanation, however, soon took place, and in the first bursts of their passion the universal cry was—‘ We will be the death of the villain!’—‘ Indeed!’ says the bard, peeping from among the branches; ‘ it
is

is necessary then that I should explain; and he addressed them with so much ingenuity, that each began to question the other's purity, and a fight commenced, in the heat of which he descended, and quietly decamped, leaving them to terminate the dispute among themselves.

“ Notwithstanding the libertine principles of Dafydd ap Gwilym, he is believed to have entertained a firm and constant attachment to Morfydd, the daughter of Madoc Lawgam, whom he first saw at Rhosyr, in Anglesea. Their hands were joined by one of the bards, and they resided together for some time. The relations of Morfydd not concurring in her choice, stole her from her lover, and united her, according to the ceremonies of the church, to a wealthy but

c 3 decrepid .

decrepid old man, whom Dafydd ridicules in his poems, under the name of Bwa Bach, *the little hunchback*. The remainder of the old man's life seems to have been spent in watchings and jealousy, for Dafydd omitted no opportunity to persuade her to elope from him, and he at length accomplished his wishes. After strict search the fugitives were discovered, the bard was prosecuted by the husband, and fined in a heavy penalty. Not being able to satisfy this, he was taken to prison, whence, however, he was soon released by some of his countrymen, who raised the money among themselves, and discharged the fine. He made a second attempt, which failed; but his attachment was so lively and unremitted, that he wrote in
her

her praise *a hundred and forty-seven poems*, some of which are by no means short compositions.

“ Between Dafydd ap Gwilym and Gryffyd Grug, an Anglesea bard, a man of considerable genius and learning, there was a rivalry for fame, which produced many masterly compositions on each side. This contention had been carried on for a long time, and with great animosity, when a Welshman of the name of Bola Bauol offered a wager, which was immediately accepted, that he would effect their reconciliation. He shortly afterwards went into North Wales, and industriously circulated a report of the death of Dafydd ap Gwilym. This so much affected his rival, that laying aside every other feeling in the poignancy of his grief, he wrote an elegy, bewail-

ing the loss of his *friend* in the most affectionate terms. Bola having in the meantime contrived to circulate a story of the same nature in South Wales, of the death of Gryffyd Grug, was much pleased, on his return, to find that Dafydd had also written a pathetic elegy on his opponent. He thus succeeded according to his expectations, for on discovering to each the real sentiments of the other, they forgave the frolic, and ever afterwards remained firm friends.

“Dafydd ap Gwilym seems to have little further concerned himself with religion, or in religious opinions, than in abusing the monks and the priesthood in general; and he never omitted any opportunity of holding them up to ridicule. In his old age, however, he confessed his conduct towards the ministers

of religion to have been reprehensible; and on his deathbed he composed some verses beautifully expressive of his resignation, and of the hopes with which he waited his approaching dissolution. He survived his relations, his patrons, and his fair Morfydd, many years. He was buried in the monastery of Y-Strad Flur, in Cardiganshire.

“ From his writings it evidently appears that the conduct of Dafydd ap Gwilym bordered altogether on an extreme of licentiousness; he despised all rules that contracted his pleasure, and broke through every barrier that tended to restrain his inclinations. He has been represented as eminent for sobriety, for uniform good conduct, gentle manners, and great reservedness in conversation; and in the sketch of his life prefixed to

his poems, it is said that ‘in his works we discover the flights of imagination, and the playfulness of his muse, and not the disposition of the man.’ But to this I can by no means assent: no man would be inclined to represent himself in an unfavourable light; and as Dafydd has recounted many of his adventures, and brought forward there many opinions altogether inimical to uniformity of right conduct, we are necessarily induced to suppose, that in stating them he not only was altogether careless of his own manners, in the anxiety to gratify his inclinations, but that he despised every opinion that might be formed by the world respecting them.

“His works possess harmony, invention, elegance, and perspicuity. The power of his mind rose greatly superior
to

to all the disadvantages of the period in which he lived. In harmony of versification his works even now stand as a model of perfection, although at the time when he wrote, most of the laws of composition were in a state of fluctuation, and others were altogether unknown. It seems, indeed, very probable that some of his verses might form the idea for many rules which were afterwards settled. He had both feeling and judgment; in his love poems there is a peculiar softness and melody in all their variations; and this, in a greater or less degree, may be traced through all his works, from the slightest efforts of his muse to the most grand and sublime parts of his imagery."

The more ancient bards were supposed to be endowed with powers equal

to inspiration. They were the oral historians of all past transactions, public and private; they related the great events of the state; and like the *scalds* of the northern nations, retained the memory of numberless transactions which otherwise would have perished in oblivion. They were likewise thoroughly acquainted with the works of the primary bards. But they had another talent, which probably endeared them more than all the rest to the Welsh nobility—that of becoming most accomplished genealogists, and flattering their vanity in singing the deeds of an ancestry derived from the most distant period.

The Bardd Teulu, or court bard, held the eighth place in the prince's court. He possessed his land free. The prince
supplied

supplied him with a horse and woollen robe. He sat next to the governor of the palace at the great festivals, when the harp was delivered him by that officer, and he had the steward of the household's garment for his fee. When a song was called for, the bard sung a hymn in glory of God; after that another in honour of the prince; then other subjects were sung by the *teuluwr*, or bard of the hall. If the princess called for a song after she had retired from table to her own apartment, the *teuluwr* sang to her highness in a low voice, lest he should disturb the performers of the hall.

When the court bard went with the prince's servants on a plundering expedition, the usage of the times, he performed before them his animating compositions,

positions, for which his share was the finest heifer of the booty; and in case the party was drawn up in order of battle, he sang at their head the praises of the British monarchy. This was to remind them of their right to the whole kingdom; for their inroads being almost always on the English territories, they thought they did no more than seize their own. On particular occasions the prince bestowed upon him an ivory chess-board, others say a harp, and the princess a golden ring. When he was required to sing with other bards, by way of distinction, he had a double portion.

If a bard asked any favour of the prince, he sang one of his own compositions; if to a nobleman, three; if to a common person, he continued until he was so
weary

weary as to rest his elbow on his knee, or show other signs of fatigue, before his suit was granted.

CHAPTER III.



————— She's cold,
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

SHAKESPEARE.

The House of Mourning.

As the chords of the harp ceased to vibrate, the Welsh chief relapsed into his settled moody deportment. He was, in fact, a misanthrope ere he had arrived at the meridian of life, or seen much of the world. . He had scarce arrived at manhood when a neighbouring chieftain, of pedigree and property, sought an alliance with the more ancient family
" of

of Ap Rhys in an union of their children; and to this end Gwilym received the hand of the fair Matilda, the sole heiress of the vast domains of sir David ap Griffith.

Previous to the solemnization of the marriage, the baronet had granted to his daughter a considerable landed property, to her and her heirs, and with power, by deed or testamentary devise, to direct, limit, and appoint the same, notwithstanding any future coverture. This was done with much privacy, seeing that little appeared promising in him whom family pride alone moved to fix upon for a son-in-law.

Ap Rhys was not aware of the execution of these deeds, a settlement having also been entered into, and a handsome portion given with the bride, until
some

some time elapsed after his marriage. The discovery greatly added to his natural gloom; and finding no prospect of an heir, for his wife had not proved *en-ciente* since the birth of Llydila, he became morose and impetuous.

The austerity of the life of Ap Rhys disgusted nearly all his former friends, who, by degrees, discontinued their visits at his castle. The baron Clifford was one who, however, continued towards him that friendship which in youth was cemented. He resided at a considerable distance in England, and consequently their intercourse was seldom, which prevented him from noting the failings of his friend. The baron's eldest son was about two years older than the daughter of Ap Rhys, and the two fathers had become sponsors for each other's

other's offspring. The former, whenever they chanced to meet, would smile at his expressed ideas of the happiness he had in store for his boy in making him the husband of Llydila. To this would dame Ap Rhys show the countenance of satisfaction; but her husband replied not, intending to wed her to a Welshman, that his blood might not circulate out of his own country.

Lord Clifford was the second baron in rank of the realm, the title having been conferred on his ancestor by king Henry the Third—a pedigree short indeed of that boasted by Ap Rhys; but he was a lord, the other reduced to a secluded commoner. These circumstances would poise the scale, as often as the subject entered the mind of the proud man of Wales.

The

The health of the hapless Matilda had long been on the wane, yet she fondly hoped to see her daughter affianced to the heir of the lord Clifford. The tender nature of her health had been some time declining, yet she struggled with fate, until a hectic complaint seized her yet-lovely frame. Feeling her constitution sink under the rapid advance of accumulated disorders, she fashioned an excuse for liberty to visit her father—a request which her husband could not deny.

Under his protecting roof she made a will, whereby she appointed the possessions which he had given her to her daughter and her heirs, on the death of her husband. This was the final act of justice she now hoped to perform; and that done, took an affecting leave of her parent, under the sad presentiment

ment that it would prove the last in this world of trouble.

Matilda's complaint was of that flattering description which gave hopes of life in the very arms of death, and then suddenly yields up the patient sufferer. So drooped this amiable woman, even as into a slumber; but it soon became apparent that she was doomed to wake no more. The husband, whose union with her was more for sordid interest than springing from pure love, had not contemplated the very precarious state of his wife; he was therefore more surprised than grieved at receiving the sad intelligence. But now that she was gone, a thousand instances of her goodness rushed into his mind, and he lamented that he had not been kinder.

“ When we are missed, then we are
mourned.”

mourned." All the retribution he could make, he thought, would be in a magnificent funeral.

Upon farther reflection on this important point, he feared that the procession would be filled alone by his followers and his own tenantry. This thought wounded his dignity; and now he blamed his contumacy, which had long estranged the neighbouring chiefs and gentry from his castle. He therefore determined to lay the corse in royal state (a branch of his tree of genealogy, as already observed, having sprung from a Welsh prince), and to send, far as the utmost limits of his country, the scroll of invitation to the solemn ceremony, while a special messenger was dispatched with the melancholy information to lord Clifford.

There

There needed not ostentation or invitation for attendance on the last sad rite to be performed to the mortal part of Matilda. She was beloved and pitied. Vast cavalcades and troops of real mourners poured into the castle on the day appointed for the melancholy ceremony. Scarce a female was left at home, and all were equally anxious to pay their last sad tribute to what remained of mortal worth, of exalted virtue, and unfeigned piety.

What a heart-rending sight to the tender Llydila! the part she had to act in the scene of woe was to receive the alternate commiseration of weeping beauty, assembled from around a large extent of country. But when the baron Clifford, leading his son, and both habited in suits of the deepest black—the youth
who

who oft had been the partner of her childish sports, and who, she had been flattered into the hope, was destined to render her happy in this life—she fainted in the arms of sir David, her father-in-law, who had not for a moment quitted her side during this melancholy trial of that fortitude which he had summoned to her aid with the most paternal solicitude.

The recent widower was too much busied in receiving the guests, and arranging them according to family rank, to perceive the situation of his child. The anxious visitors, hurrying to the scene of distress, told the nature of the accident; but before he could make his way thither, the fallen mourner was somewhat recovered. The event, however, served to spare her farther mental anguish.

anguish before crowds of spectators. She remained so faint and weak, that it was judged imprudent to suffer her to attend the funeral procession, in the place appointed for her by her too-ceremonious remaining parent.

CHAPTER IV.



“ So like the chances are of love and war,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are ;
In love the victors from the vanquish'd fly,
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.”

The Gauntlet thrown and taken up.

AMONG the numbers who attended the funeral rites of the good dame Ap Rhys, though far the greater part females, yet they were necessarily attended by many young gentlemen of wealth and influence; from among the latter, a circumstance farthest from her heart, Llydila had attracted the regards of two young knights of high consideration, in a way which we can only describe as proceeding

proceeding from the mere graze of an ill-directed shaft from the bow of the god of love, who certainly never seriously intended to shoot an arrow into the house of mourning. We must also suppose that it took a wrong direction, the arm of the wanton god, like the sacrifice to Bacchus, though from somewhat different causes, being sometimes unsteady.

Serious as might be the wound, the time and circumstance of the meeting necessarily compelled them to carry the smart from whence they came; but each secretly determined to seek a cure from the object for whom they suffered, or to perish under the attempt. To effect this, they severally determined, ere the privileged time of sorrow was consumed,

to repair, under the guise of friendship, to Castle Ap Rhys.

The first of these love-sick swains that arrived, sir Manfred Lloyd, was received by the wary father with doubtful and restrained civility; he suspected that the visit was not altogether out of respect to him, or a tribute paid to his long illustrious line of ancestors. Yet as men who feel the consequences of habitual error fall into extremes in seeking remedies, so did the proud widower bend in conciliation to the knight, whose father had been his intimate; under this impulse he invited him into the presence of his daughter.

The respect which had been paid to the memory of the deceased Matilda had taught the haughty chieftain that

scorn

scorn alone is the due of arrogance; and that vain were his efforts to, almost singly, resent the alleged injuries done to his country. To regain popularity, he now would willingly have hoisted his more ancient flags and trophies under king Edward's banner, who then was waging war against his dominions' common enemy—the perfidious French.

The visit of the present lover was short; it passed with Llydila in the presence of the parent, who would have gladly released him, upon the excuse of not being yet prepared to entertain his guests as befitted his family. But the cause which impelled this visit was not to be thus dismissed; on the motion to retire, the young baronet requested a private interview with his host. This granted, the gallant youth, with that

honesty which moves the true lover, told his tale of love.

“ Sir knight,” replied the father, “ the honour you would do my family, I must, in justice to you, acknowledge, is somewhat grateful. Your ancestors have, for a few centuries, I must also admit, done honour to Wales; but, sir knight, my daughter is yet but a green girl, not having seen seventeen summers; and I can find no case in my genealogy, of a female branch of the Ap Rhyses wedding until she had attained the full of eighteen years. Moreover, your application, upon another score, is perfectly premature; it is not meet that the subject of your errand should, as yet, find even breath in the castle, which, methinks, you might have longer respected, as the house of mourning. On particular

lar occasions, however might feel the inward man, he could make a show of grief, and then express some pitying sentiment, quoted from the works of the minstrels, with which he would appear to fill up the measure of his grief." He now exclaimed—

"Y vun a gerais, dan vaen y gorwez;

Peraiz ei monwes, pur oez ei mwyr nez!"

"The fair that I lov'd, beneath a stone she lies,
Sweetness fill'd her breast, pure was her friendship!"

Then did he rise, adding—"Under these considerations, sir knight, I take my leave."

Sir Manfred felt the force of the reasoning of Ap Rhys, and without replying, returned the salute of departure, vaulted from his stigh-rope (4) upon his charger; but with a determination to repeat his visit soon as a few weeks more

had passed away in the indulgence of family pride.

In a few days the other lover, sir Owen Glendower, paid his court at Llangeveny Castle, to the shrine of mourning beauty. He was of a family pretended to be nearly coeval with time, his pedigree frequently branching thro' the blood-royal of Wales. This mighty chieftain was attended by a numerous retinue, and his herald blew a royal blast on the horn pendant to the great and massy gates. To receive him, Ap Rhys ordered the blazons-royal of his armorial bearings to be unfurled, which his lieutenant carried, attended by martial sounds, to the gates; there he lowered them, a homage due to royalty, and requested the honour of conducting the august guest into the presence of his commander.

commander. They met with all the ceremony of crowned heads. A banquet was hastily prepared, to which Llydila was summoned to do the honours. On her approach, sir Owen advanced, knelt, and kissed her fair hand. Confusion possessed the trembling mourner. Her father would have her to bend the knee to royalty; but the gallant knight-banneret would not suffer that which he considered an imposition upon the fair sex.

During the repast, the attention paid by the royal visitor to Llydila gave the father note of the purport of his errand. Soon as the tables were cleared, and the fair retired, sir Owen entered upon the subject of *his* love. In such cases no Welshman then presumed to woo without the previous consent of the parent.

Ap Rhys, but in a somewhat smother tone, urged the same reasons in reply that he had given to sir Manfred, and without disclosing the recent visit of that chief. He, however, did not fail reminding the royal youth of the etiquette of his family precluding its female branches from entering into the holy state of wedlock until they had completed the age of eighteen, of which his daughter's years were yet short, and concluded with the smile or distant encouragement.

Sir Owen departed, well pleased with his reception; and the same honours were paid him, as on entering, when he repassed the gates of the castle.

On the anniversary of the titular saint of Wales, which now soon arrived, all the pedigreed Welshmen associated for
time

time immemorial; each were adorned by the proud leek alone fastened in their helmets. The lovers, as customary on this occasion, met, but without the knowledge of each other's rivalship in their love. Ap Rhys sent, for his excuse of absence, that his prescribed time of mourning had not passed.

After the banquet, and due honours had been done to the memory of St. David, toasts were given to the absent noble Welsh chieftains serving under the banners of king Edward the Third. The joyous throng then proceeded to quaff the healths of their mistresses. Sir Owen, one of the first in rank, being soon called upon, filled the golden goblet to the brim; he toasted the beautiful Llydila of Castle Rhys.

Amazement sat on the front of sir

Manfred; he drank the health given, then filled a brimmer, rose, and vouched her more fair than had done sir Owen, and cast upon the ground his gauntlet.

Now in turn was the descendant of royalty confused, not conceiving it possible that any of the company had sought the hand of Llydila. To mirth succeeded confusion. Sir Owen took up the glove, and the rivals, "high in blood, and hot with Tuscan grape," would have instantly decided their controversy, had not their companions interfered, and represented the disgrace done to their saint by a combat on a day dedicated to him. They were parted, each vowing to petition the king to appoint the lists for the decision of their quarrel (5).

It was a custom of our hardy ancestors to settle their disputes "before
God,

God, and in the face of the world," for such were the words in the agreement between the parties appealing to a trial by battle. These trials were had, by order of the king, often in his presence, with his court, and always before a vast concourse of spectators of the first quality. In these degenerate days, affronts are revenged by fighting in secret, the parties sculking, like rats into corners, to the place appointed to murder each other; and when one only falls, the other takes to his heels, and runs out of his country. "The fearful hares sculk in forms all day, and fight their feeble battles by the moonlight; but valiant men still love the sun should witness what they do."

Formerly it required considerable skill to vanquish an antagonist; and even in that case it was but seldom that
death

death ensued, the conqueror ever showing mercy; but now, so do fashions change in fighting as well as the cut of the beard or the trimmings of the coat, that a ball, directed by chance from an insulting puppy of the Bond-street lounge, oft robs the country of a valuable subject.

This method of deciding disputes by duel came originally from the northern nations, among whom it was usual to decide all their controversies by arms. Both the accuser and the accused gave pledges to the judges on their respective behalf; and the custom prevailed so far among the Danes and Franks, that none were excused from it except women, sick people, cripples, and such as were under twenty-one years of age, or above sixty; even ecclesiastics, priests, and monks,

were

were obliged to find champions to fight in their stead. The punishment of the vanquished was either death by hanging or beheading, or mutilation of members, according to the circumstances of the case. Duels were at first admitted, not only on criminal occasions, but on some civil ones, for the maintenance of rights to estates, and the like.

The emperor Charles the Fifth thus sent a challenge to Francis the First. The former desired Francis's herald to acquaint his sovereign, that he would henceforth consider him not only as a base violator of the public faith, but as a stranger to the honour and integrity becoming a gentleman.

Francis, too high-spirited to bear such an imputation, had recourse to an uncommon expedient to vindicate his character.

racter. He instantly sent back the herald with a cartel of defiance, in which he gave the lie in form, challenged him to single combat, requiring him to name the time and place of the encounter, and the weapons with which he chose to fight.

Charles, as he was not inferior to his rival in spirit or bravery, readily accepted the challenge; but after several messages concerning the arrangement or all the circumstances relative to the combat, accompanied with mutual reproaches, bordering on the most indecent scurrility, all thoughts of this duel; more becoming the heroes of romance than two of the greatest monarchs of their age, were entirely laid aside.

The example of two personages so illustrious drew such general attention,
and

and carried with it so much authority, that it had considerable influence in introducing an important change in manners all over Europe. Duels, as has already been observed, had been long permitted by the laws of all the European nations; and forming a part of their jurisprudence, were authorised by the magistrate on many occasions, as the most proper mode of terminating questions with regard to property, or of deciding in those which regarded crimes; but single combats being considered as solemn appeals to the omniscience and justice of the Supreme Being, they were allowed only in public causes, according to the prescription of law, and carried on in a judicial form.

Men, accustomed to this manner of decision in courts of justice, were naturally

rally led to apply it to personal and private quarrels. Duels, which at first could be appointed by the civil judge alone, were fought without the interposition of his authority, and in cases to which the laws did not extend. The transaction between Charles and Francis strongly countenanced this practice. Upon every affront or injury which seemed to touch his honour, a gentleman thought himself entitled to draw his sword, and to call on his adversary to make reparation by combat within the royal lists.

Turning from the page descriptive of ancient quarrels, our philanthropic reader may find recompence in the philosophic heroism of a French officer high in command.

Gaston marquis de Renty was an illustrious

lustrious nobleman of France about two centuries ago; he was a soldier, a Christian, and had a peculiar felicity in reconciling the seeming opposition betwixt two different characters. He had a command in the French army, and had the misfortune to receive a challenge from a person of distinction in the same service.

The marquis returned for answer, by the person that brought the challenge, that he was ready to convince the gentleman that he was in the wrong; and if he could not satisfy him, he was ready to ask his pardon.

The other, not satisfied with this answer, insisted upon his meeting him with his sword; to which he sent this answer, that he was resolved not to do it, since God and the king had forbidden it; otherwise he would have him know,
that

that all the endeavours he had used to pacify him did not proceed from any fear of him, but of Almighty God and his displeasure; that he should go every day about his usual business; and if he did assault him, he would make him repent it.

The angry man, not able to provoke him to a duel, and meeting him one day by chance, drew his sword, and attacked him, who soon wounded and disarmed both him and his second, with the assistance of a servant that attended him; but then did this truly Christian nobleman show the difference betwixt a brutish and Christian courage, for he led them to his tent, refreshed them with wine and cordials, caused their wounds to be dressed, and their swords to be restored to them, and dismissed them with

Christian

Christian and friendly advice, and was never heard to mention the affair afterwards to his nearest friends.

It was an usual saying of his, that there was more true courage and generosity in bearing and forgiving an injury, for the love of God, than in requiting it with another—in suffering, rather than revenging, because the thing was much more difficult;—that bulls and bears had courage enough, but it was a brutish courage; whereas ours should be such as should become reasonable creatures and Christians.

A duel of a very singular kind, the account of which is authenticated by father Montfaucon, an old author of repute, took place in the presence of king Charles the Fifth, of France, which we add solely for the edification of modern duellists.

A gentleman

A gentleman of the court of that monarch was supposed to have murdered another, who had been missing for some days. This suspicion chiefly arose from the mute testimony of the absent gentleman's dog, a large Irish greyhound, a present from a nobleman of Ireland, who, with uncommon rage, attacked the supposed murderer wherever he met him.

The gentleman could not bear to lie under these insults from a dog (though it afterwards appeared that he really killed its master), and he contemplated satisfaction. In those times duels were the mode of settling every dispute among gentlemen; and he applied to the king, stated his case, and begged permission of his majesty to justify his innocence by single combat with the dog. The king, a great patron of justice by this mode of trial, immediately

immediately granted his request, ordered the royal lists (the place of battle) to be prepared, named the weapons, and signified his pleasure to be present at the encounter. The gentleman was allowed a stick, and his four-footed antagonist a tub to resort to on emergencies. The greyhound was brought to the lists, which his antagonist, armed according to order, had already entered. Undaunted at the formidable appearance of the king, surrounded by his guards, the dog followed his leader through the multitude, and the moment he saw his antagonist, bounded into the circle, and began the battle, which produced much interest to the spectators. For some time the gentleman kept his antagonist at bay, and dealt upon him many a severe blow. The greyhound, however, displayed

displayed cunning as well as courage; he dodged the gentleman awhile round the tub, then seizing his aim, made a spring, fastened on him, and would soon have torn him to pieces, had he not been rescued. The murderer, thus conquered and disgraced, confessed the murder, and was hanged.

CHAPTER V.



Minia mwym wen

Iaith bêr o' th ben !

Tender maid, express sweet language from thy lips.

THE WELSH BABE.

Address and compliment by vision,

Made love and court by intuition. HUMBRAS.

Stately Wooing.

WHILE Ap Rhys was thus importuned in behalf of his daughter, he was not unmindful of choosing for himself another wife. On a self-interested point he scrupled not to break through the limited time of his mourning. A few days after the departure of sir Owen, he de-

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terminated privately to pay a visit to the lady Dorothea de Wellinger, the sister of a bachelor lord, of an ancient family, but needy as the humble vassal. High birth alone was the consideration in every point with Ap Rhys. He considered himself possessed of an ample fortune in his own right, and that he enjoyed the rental of the large but limited estate for life of the lost Matilda.

Lord de Wellinger had vegetated a mere sensualist. Early debauch had enervated him, and gaming reduced his patrimony to very narrow limits. He no longer could afford to mix with men of his own rank; he lived in seclusion with his sister, proud, yet almost in want of the varieties of the season upon his scanty board. Lady Dorothea, whose maiden settlement had merged in the
dissipation

dissipation of her brother, remained forsaken by the men, and pitied by her own sex—what earthly misery so keen to a woman? She was yet proud, and malignance swayed her mind—sourer, doubtless, by long endurance of neglect, and the rankling privation of fortune.

On a visit therefore to the honourable Miss de Wellinger went Ap Rhys, on the very day that he sent his excuse for not attending his brethren, the sons of St. David. The object of his journey he kept a profound secret.

He had not proceeded more than two or three miles, when, searching his pockets, as for his handkerchief, the scroll of excuse fell to the ground. His only attending servant dismounted to pick it up; and on receiving it, feigning sudden recollection, he ordered him to take it

with all speed to the city of Bangor, the place of meeting for the celebration of St. David's day in North Wales; thence to return to the castle. Then, impelled by ambition, he clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped to the decaying mansion of the lord de Wellinger.

The noble owner, when he arrived, was most ignobly carousing, at a mean public place of resort, with some tenantry of a neighbouring absent chief; for of his equals he could neither muster the number to sit round a small table, nor treat them with the social glass, as became a man of rank.

The care-tired, woe-worn sister was called from amid her house affairs to receive the lover, appearing, as we may suppose, somewhat in *dishabille*. She apologized; to which the gallant mourner

ner

ner replied, that he more joyed in finding her in the habit of industry, than if decked in all the gaudy stuff of fashion. She blushed and bowed—he wondered and approved—the wily god prompted his tongue to speak, inclined her ears to listen, and all their talk was love.

Already has Gwilym Ap Rhys been described as passing the meridian of life. The honourable Miss Dorothea de Welling had outnumbered his years some six or seven by the rule of Lavater, but, in point of fact, perhaps, half a score. Though conscious of this fact, under the female privilege on such a subject, she took good care to sink the difference in her own favour—talked of the advantageous offers she had refused, from love not having then shed his influence over her, and

hinted at others still looked for. Then would she, with downcast eyes, observe, that not having yet lost the bloom of youth, and her family well known at the gay court of Edward, where but late she had shone, the admiration of the men and the envy of her own sex, she augured a lover's arrival when he blew the blast of high ancestry in her brother's horn; and her confusion arose at not receiving him in a courtly dress.

Though Ap Rhys was lifted above reason oft as he would climb his tree of genealogy, and was then proud beyond endurance, yet in some points he was not absolutely a fool. He saw through the attempt to call back youth in the antiquated virgin; but again relapsing into family considerations, and making
due

due allowance for the frailty of the sex, he affected to dispense with near a score years of her life.

This visit was far from meeting disappointment in the absence of the lord de Wellinger. The necessity for the concealment of love breaking into the time dedicated to grief was admitted by the lady, and she offered her aid in proposing to acquaint her brother that the honour done his house was the mere effect of courtesy, in return for their attendance on the funeral of Matilda.

This he deemed a happy thought, to which he added, that at more leisure he would personally thank the noble lord, which would procure them a second interview without suspicion, and meantime would keep his castle gates shut, and avoid company.

The distance from Castle Rhys to the old mansion was some few hours' ride, and he had determined on returning the same day. For this purpose he had risen with the lark, and found horses for himself and one attendant ready at the gates, according to his over-night's orders. But the cause which urged his speed in going greatly protracted the time of his return. Quick do the hours fly when lovers meet! his fair one, unprovided for such a guest, was long in preparing the frugal repast which had now become needful to her visitor; for we know that love cannot exist alone upon its most delightful allurements, nor, after a long morning's jolting over the mountain of Penmanmawr, can the appetite be staid on vows of constancy, even should they prove sweetened with
the

the fair one's appointment of the happy day.

The honourable hostess, soon after the arrival of her loving guest, had given orders for providing the best fare the domains of the tottering castle on such an emergency could possibly afford ; but that which should appear before a chieftain was not, with great facility, at any time, to be procured. To stay the time, she called forth her utmost powers of elocution, played off her sallies of wit, and assumed those coyish airs, which once might have beguiled the fairy-footed hours ; but now, lagging after nature, they would have little tended to serve her purpose, but that the widower, ere he journeyed that day, had worked his course by genealogical problems, the great scale of his actions,

which rendered him patient in the delay.

It was not the killing of the fatted calf that thus was wearing away the day, but the consequence of ill success attending the mission of a hind, dispatched to the mountain's brow which defended the tottering walls from the rude blasts of the north wind, who had been dispatched to catch and kill the nimble-footed kid, on the delicate flesh of which it was determined that the chieftain should satisfy the call of hunger.

It appeared that the bearded quadrupeds, probably scenting his errand, and followed by their skipping offspring, gained the craggy heights, and there mocked the pursuit of the goatherd. Thus foiled, the hungry chief was fain to sit down to the humbler fare of butter
and

and cheese, and homely bread. By way of atonement, the chilly hall of decaying grandeur echoed with blushing apologies and fibs used upon such occasions.

The sun had, some three hours, passed his meridian height ere Ap Rhys could, without breach of *etiquette*, withdraw from this cheerless visit. At length he obtained dismissal, quickly mounted his charger, and retraced his steps to his own more comfortable mansion; but far different thoughts now occupied his mind. The Welsh mountains then harboured gangs of robbers, who, with the close of day, steal from their lurking places, and fasten on the unprepared traveller. He cursed the goat, though sacred to his country, and blamed his ceremonious love for not at once disclosing her embarrassments. He was armed; it

is true; but having unwittingly left his followers in safety in his castle, he feared that his noble birth would not shield him from a horde of mountain depredators.

Strongly possessed with this conviction, he urged his horse's speed, judging each bush a thief, until evening began to draw her veil of darkness over the surface of the earth. Advancing a little farther, but still two hours' ride from his castle, he heard the clattering of hoofs, as though in his pursuit. This alarm happened at the foot of the highest mountain in Wales, where robbers take advantage of the rising ground to overtake the traveller. To increase his pace, he now found unwise, as, should he be overtaken on the summit, the barbarians might hurl him many hundred feet into
the

the wide and rapid stream which rages at its foot. He therefore bore upon his reins, wheeled his horse about, drew his falchion, and waited the approach of the intruders, determined to resist indignity, and either honourably capitulate to superior force, or act on the defence, as became the character of his ancestors.

The supposed pursuers were now near advancing, when our chief boldly challenged, to which he received for answer —“ I am sir Sydney ap Morgan, but late escaped from imminent danger, and now seek my peaceful home; who is he that questions me ?”

It soon appeared that they were neighbouring chieftains, and well known to each other. It was a mutual wonder that each should, at such an hour, and so far from their respective castles, be untended.

tended. Ap Rhys gave for reason, that his journey, which would not otherwise have engrossed the whole day, was impeded by an unforeseen cause; and that his business being of a secret nature, he had determined not to admit the prying eye of curiosity, and therefore dispensed with attendance.

They now greeted each other, and sir Sydney promised, as they jogged along, now less regardless of molestation, to recount the strange adventure which had caused his solitary journey; but with which we must begin another chapter of our eventful history.

CHAPTER VI.



————— The guilty mind
Debases the great image that it wears,
And levels us with brutes.

HAVARD.

The blasted Heath.

As the two chieftains slowly ascended Penmanmawr, sir Sydney thus began his promised narrative:—

“It is just a week since I left my castle, and like you, and, for a similar reason, unattended by servants; the object of my journey being to visit a valued friend on the bed of sickness, who had sent his desires to see me ere death closed his eyes.

“A sad

“ A sad presentiment of some impending danger took possession of the mind of lady Ap Morgan. You remember my marriage, and you cannot forget the untimely death of my revered father, who fell by the accursed hand of the assassin. I tore myself from the embrace of my Elwina, the affectionate partner of all my cares, and unclenched the little hands of my darling boy, who, imitative of his mother's grief, had grasped my mantle; then hastened on my journey, promising to return as soon as my duty to my sick friend was performed.

“ As the turrets of my habitation lessened upon my lingering look, it appeared as though I had caught the womanish mental infection of dire forebodings, or ominous events. I certainly
felt

felt an uncommon dejection, but I attributed it to the effect of parting with those most dear to my heart. Though but half inclined to proceed, yet I jogged onwards, alighting but once during the day, in order to refresh myself, and procure provender for my horse.

“ The moon was full-orbed, and her beams shone upon the lonely heath before me. The owl had just issued from her haunt, and clamoured from the blasted yew. The barren heath was of vast extent, but some short distance beyond stands a house of entertainment, where I had before seen the homely cheer spread before the way-worn traveller. Such was my inducement for attempting, at a late hour, to hasten my journey, intending there to seek repose for the remainder of the night.

From

From thence to the side of my sick friend's bed was but four hours' journeying.

“ Here I fell into a train of sad reflections—‘ It is,’ methought, ‘ twice seven years since my brave father disappeared from this heath—in the prime of life snatched from wife and children, and with his accounts unreckoned, his sins unrepented, dispatched by an assassin's hand, and sent, unprepared, into the presence of the Almighty. Oh that I could revenge his foul death!—premature desire!—his murderer has not been discovered, yet

“ Foul deeds will rise,
Tho' all the world o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.”

My venerable friend, to whom I was now hastening, perhaps to close his eyes
for

for ever—the intimate of my poor father—the guardian of my youth—he who defended, in my infancy defended, my right to the estate of his murdered friend against the rapacity of the tyrant Mortimer—he also may be lost to me! Then, as if to reconcile myself to misfortune, would I exclaim—‘Blessed be God! my amiable Elwina lives, and my blooming boy bids fair to reward his father’s care. While I am blessed with them, ’tis impious to murmur at the will of fate—while I possess them, ought I to be unhappy?’

“Such were my contemplations when I had reached nearly the middle of the heath; there the wind, which had risen to a brisk gale, wafted to my fancy the sound of distant trampling of horses’ feet. I would fain have believed it came
from

from travellers, but this hope was soon dissipated in the apprehension of robbers; which these unsettled times favour too much in roving about our fallen country. I stopped, and listened between doubt and fear; for who can guard against the assassin's weapon, or singly contend with a band of robbers? Now again methought 'twas gone—that it was the wind whistling through the branches of some old and half-leafless stunted trees, which here and there were thinly scattered over the heath.

Somewhat eased of apprehension, I continued my journey; but before many minutes more had passed, the sound of horsemen following me was clear; and suspicious of their errand, I retired unperceived behind a clump of hawthorn, wishing them to pass without even risk-

ing

ing¹ the exchange of courtesy. No sooner had I taken to this shelter than I heard their voices in conversation of dread import.

‘ Now let us breathe our horses while I again tell thee, Jenk, that the nearer we come to action the more I dislike it,’ said one of these ruthless ruffians to the other; ‘ by St. David and all the blessed saints in the calendar, I would we were out of this adventure! and I heartily wish we had never entered into it; for should he prove that high-mettled knight which we are told of, we may, which the blessed Virgin forbid! at best come off with broken bones, or a fractured skull a-piece.’

‘ Why,’ replied the other villain, for such they proved, ‘ thou’rt a pretty poltroon truly, comrade Dafydd! what! wouldst

wouldst thou wear knave, fool, and coward under a single headpiece? I would that the baron heard thee; never more wouldst thou wag thy black bushy beard over the well-filled trencher, or empty the horn of sparkling wine at his noble board. Shall it be said that two soldiers in the pay of a powerful lord, well armed, and, above all, well paid, were afraid to attack a single man. If the baron were told of thy scruples, he would consign thee to the company of the ghosts that haunt the caverns of our castle. On the other hand, hast thou forgot the hundred golden florins already paid us, and the promise of as many more on making a good report of this our expedition? By St. Cuthbert! I would seek no better sport than such a commission at least once a-week. With
such

such employment I should soon be rich as the baron, ay, and prove not less honest with my gains. Come, then, pluck up thy spirit, and let us spur on—the sooner the business is done, the sooner thou know'st the reward. But, mark me, comrade, if we lose him by thy fears, or if thou shouldst flinch when once we make the attack, I'll deal my blows on thee instead of him, and sooner beg his mercy than return the bearer of the tidings of a single project of the baron's having failed in carrying it into execution.'

“ Think, my friend, what were my emotions when I discovered that I was the object of their bloody purpose. The next observation comprised my name, and at the instant they discovered my retreat by the glance of a faint beam of
the

the moon falling upon my falchion as I unsheathed it. The more daring of the two, in a loud and peremptory tone, told me to surrender myself their prisoner.

“ Had flight been practicable, I disdained to shrink from the desperadoes— ‘Slaves,’ returned I, ‘ how dare ye, vassal hinds, thus assault a knight?’ and on the words I spurred my charger on the more daring villain. While hand to hand we fought, the other barbarian from behind dealt a blow which cleft my helmet, wounded me severely, and brought me to the ground. Attempting to rise, he repeated his blow, until I lost all sense of my dreadful situation.”

“ Oh that we could now meet the villains !” exclaimed Ap Rhys; “ oh that
I had

I had the slave Dafydd at the point of my sword, while you, sir knight, had fair play upon his brother assassin! the blood of my ancestors boils in my veins at such hellish attacks of vassals upon their lords. But pray proceed in your dread tale."

"A gleam of returning intellect," continued sir Sydney, "convinced me that I was tied upon my own horse, deprived of my arms, and my hands degradingly tied behind my back, while the blood yet trickled down my breast. I was faint, and asked for water to moisten my mouth, and to wash my wounds. This they promised at a spring hard by, provided I would pledge my knighthood to accompany them without further resistance—"Insulting assassins!" returned I, rousing the little strength left me,

pledge my knighthood to base slaves! no, cut-throats! not to save the remains of life! Yet give me a little water, and I will endure the termination of this most outrageous attack.'

"The morning dawned as we arrived at a limpid brook, so that I must have long laid on the spot of premeditated assassination. It required the assistance of the untouched villain to dismount me as well as his comrade, whom I now saw writhing under wounds severer than my own. My limbs would scarcely support me, but my antagonist sunk upon the ground. The clear water cheered my spirits, and acted like a balsam to my mangled body. My enemy too appeared somewhat recruited; but fearing his hurt might eventually prove mortal, craved my pardon, and as an extenuation

tion

tion of his crime, pleaded the imperative and feared orders of his lord. I haughtily told him to proceed in his career of villany, and lead me to the vindictive baron, whose hatred I knew not how I had deserved.

“ We were again mounted. Jenks kept by my side, his left hand in a sling, which I had nearly severed from his body, while Dafydd brought up our rear, bearing the weapons of the three combatants. In about three hours we halted at a small cabin, over which my wicked guides seemed to have absolute control. They ordered the little bowl of the owner’s scanty herd of goats’ milk to be brought to them, for which, at the time, three or four hungry children were crying; and then rummaged the shelves of the fragments of butter

and cheese, on which they began to regale.

“Cruel as was the theft, nature’s claims upon me were irresistible. I could not refuse tasting the proffered milk, which was a cordial to my nearly-exhausted frame. How much did I now feel the want of power to satisfy this little goat-herd’s family! but this I thought vain, concluding that the villains had stripped me of my purse, and for my person sought a large ransom. By a kind of involuntary action I put my hand to the repository of my cash, in the left flap of my doublet, and there, to my surprise, found the contents had been untouched. Now arose my greater fears; since, methought, these fellows ~~are~~ not robbers, I am surely doomed to the vengeance of the more ruffian lord.

“ Haying

“ Having liberally rewarded the hind for his fare from my till-then-undisturbed purse, we again set forward for the completion of this scene of treachery and mystery. I had several times in vain demanded whither they were conveying me, but was bluntly required to ask no questions. Now again, as we ascended a steep, I renewed my interrogatory, and my wounded adversary answered, but with fresh acrimony, to the same effect.

“ The staunching of my bleeding wounds, the renovation I found in the humble fare of the cottage, and now more mentally smarting under insulting answers, I had nearly determined that my terms of capitulation were broken, and was upon the point of wheeling suddenly round upon our arms-bearer, to

wrest

wrest from him a weapon, and turn it upon himself; but ere I could well mature this point, an inadvertent exclamation of my rearguard confounded my plan of escape; he triumphantly called out, that this was the last mountain of their journey, for on its summit would appear the turrets of Glendower Castle.

“Now was the die cast. Had I risked the issue of again falling on my base assailants, and even vanquished them, I was in the domains of my tyrant. But on another score was I checked; for by the inadvertence of the coward, the other seized the bugle-horn pendant to his side, and thereon blew the loud blast of alarm.

“On rising the steep, the awful turrets of the hated Glendower, the ancient

enemy of my family, appeared to full view, and on the plain were a troop of horsemen gallopping towards us."

CHAPTER VII.

Then to a dungeon's depth I sent them bound,
Where, stow'd with snakes and adders, now they
lodge;
Two planks their bed, slipp'ry with filth and damp;
The rats brush o'er their faces with their tails,
And croaking paddocks crawl upon their limbs.

DRYDEN.

Incarceration.

SIR Sydney ap Morgan now observed that the short distance to Castle Rhys would put an end to his narrative.

“ I hope,” returned Ap Rhys, “ that you will therein find leisure and strength, after a hearty meal, to satisfy my anxiety for the remainder of your dangerous

ous adventure; it will then, perhaps, be time for rest; and I need only to add my hearty welcome to both, as often repeated as you please, sir knight."

Ap Rhys, since the honours paid to the funeral rites of Matilda, had considerably relaxed in austerity, and thus regained some of the long-lost love of his garrison and domestics. The yet-disconsolate Llydila, though sometimes harshly treated by her father, never relaxed in her filial duties, and felt for him at least as much respect as parents commonly find returned for parental care. He had told her the evening before, that she might look for his return the next day.

She watched his approach from the turrets until night obscured distant objects from her view. Then descend-

ing with fearful steps, she ordered her attendant female to request the lieutenant of the castle to send out parties in quest of her father.

She was quickly obeyed, for all bore much regard to their young mistress. Thrice had the sand ran through the hour-glass, while the affectionate girl almost counted each passing grain, and a fourth time was it turned, when the horn announced her parent's approach. She ran towards the gates, and with an ejaculation of joy threw her delicate arms around sir Sydney ap Morgan, who, through courtesy, had entered first. The mistake created a variety of emotions, pleasing to the knight, grateful to the father, but it covered the lovely cause of it with confusion.

The chieftain host, from anxiety to
hear

hear the end of sir Sydney's perilous adventure, thought the time necessary for refreshment tedious. Soon as supper was ended he motioned his daughter to withdraw, and then urged the knight to proceed with his interesting story.

Bowing assent to the request, he thus continued—"On our approach to the walls of tyranny the drawbridge was lowered, and we entered the inner court of the castle of the tyrant Mortimer. Thence through vaulted passages, over fragments of rocks and heaps of rubbish, was I led by the two villains who had waylaid and disarmed me; followed at a short distance by other armed ruffians, towards the dungeons of tyranny. Now had I to descend broken ways, into damps noisome by the long exclusion

of fresh air, until a massy iron-bound door presented its terrific front.

“The rusty bars and bolts of this strong stop long resisted the sturdy efforts of my unwounded leader, while the other could alone employ his unmutilated arm in holding the lamp in aid of the work of villany. The cankered metal partly breaking, and the bolts harshly yielding to force, a horrid chasm presented itself to my view, into which I was forced, in a state of despair and bodily pain.

“Thus reduced, but for the taunts of my inhuman incarcerators, still more hard to endure, I should have tacitly yielded to my fate. In a recess, hewn out of the rocky foundation of a large and noisome cave, was a cell floored with rotting straw—‘Here, sir knight,’
with

with a malignant smile, rendered more ghastly by the effects of his wound, said Jenks, ‘ is your chamber—there your bed,’ pointing to the putrid mass of straw ; ‘ ’tis the best we can afford you—hope you’ll like it—shan’t be much disturbed—pleasant dreams to you—we must be off.’

‘Slaves, miscreants, insulting dastards!’ thus replying, I seized a broken bar, which in forcing the door had fallen inside the dungeon, ‘ tell me the cause of this degradation of a knight of Wales?’

“ The terrified villains retreated in alarm, and with a frightful crash shut the door, returned the bolts, and left me a prey to the rage of dishonour. To passion succeeded faintness; and again bereft of sense, I fell upon the disgusting spot

spot they had marked for my tired-out misery.

“ The profound obscurity which now I found around me—the cadaverous smell which assailed my olfactory nerves—my difficulty in breathing the mephitic air, served but to assure me that I was already in the regions of death. In despair I called upon the king of terrors to free me from these accumulated horrors, but was answered alone by his harbinger—insensibility.

“ An hour or more, as I judge, had I passed in a forgetfulness of my misery. Reason, however, once more resumed her seat, but she now served only to collect sad reflections. Torn from a loving wife—my infant child bereft of its principal protector—lost to every friend—
incarcerated.

incarcerated in the dungeon of a tyrant, and my life depending upon his frown, was surely the very acme of human misery.

‘Had I,’ methought, ‘on the field of battle and in the fair face of day, met my fate, I could have welcomed death; but to be thus immured, like the traitor or the meanest felon, perhaps to perish by the hands of the murderous villains who had already overpowered me—to die inglorious and unrevenged, the fate of my revered parent—was a mental trial hard to bear indeed!’ But when I reflected on what my wife must suffer—what her sensibility must endure, when she received the information that I had not reached the end of my journey, and, like my parent, had disappeared upon the

the

the fatal heath, quite unmanned me, and I again fell back on my bed of straw.

“The two ruffians, it afterwards appeared, then proceeded to make a report of the mischief they had done me to their more wicked employer. He had heard the rumour of their return, and waited with great impatience the particulars from his bravoës—‘I greet your return, my brave soldiers!’ said he; ‘and I trust your expedition has been crowned with success—is sir Sydney in my power?’

“Thus do great rogues receive meaner villains, while they are about the work of their ambition. Though they love the treason they hate the traitor; and when malice, envy, or revenge, seek satisfaction through the infernal agency of the assassin’s

sin's arm, no sooner is the bloody deed perpetrated, than the employer is the first to upbraid the hired assassin, and charge him with precipitation and cruelty. When Hubert returned to king John, to tell him that his orders were executed, and that prince Arthur, the son of Geoffrey, the rightful heir to the crown of England, was dead, the blood-stained and now-compunctious monarch exclaimed—

‘ It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break into the bloody house of life ;
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang’rous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis’d respect.’

“ To the inquiry of the lord Mortimer Jenks replied—‘ He is as safe, my lord, as locks and bolts, and the strong
dungeon

dungeon under the north tower, can secure him.'

"Mortimer started, and exclaimed—
'The north tower! who ordered him to the north tower?' Then he paced the room in agitation, pressing his forehead with his hand, his eyes flashing with frenzy, and often incoherently did he repeat—'The north tower!'

"The slaves ran in affright to the door, and thus securing a retreat, waited the issue of this strange agitation of their lord, looking first at him, and then at each other, with expressions of surprise and fear.

"Soon the conscience-struck Mortimer in part recovered that invisible, that undescribable mental wound which arises from accidental reference to an injured object, or some act of depravity
which

which had long been buried in the womb of time. With a forced smile and hysteric laugh, he turned to his amazed dependants, and told them to be no longer alarmed—that a violent pain, to which he was subject, had shot through his brain, and for a moment deprived him of reason, but that he was now again composed; he thanked them for the essential services they had rendered him; then taking from his drawer a purse of gold, he counted out a hundred pieces to each, and promised a further reward when the work was complete.

“Jenks now removed the scarf which covered his deep-gashed arm, and unbound the fillet round his head, by way of showing his lord the dangers he had passed in the last encounter.

“The trick told each way—Jenks received

ceived an extra present, and Mortimer was satisfied that the object of his malignity was by force of arms in his power, which hereafter he meant upon emergency to contend was in fair combat with his vassals, in whose wounds his honour was tarnished. As he dismissed the villains he told them to remember the finishing stroke.

“ In the precipitate retreat of my jailors they left the burning lamp upon a decaying bench within the dungeon. My tortured feelings had, till now, precluded me from recurring to this circumstance; and on the instant, so eagerly do we, in the hour of trouble, upon the slightest foundation build the hopes of delivery, I contemplated an escape. As I took up the light I vainly hailed it as the instrument of restoring me to liberty.

liberty. I proceeded carefully to explore the vast extent of my place of confinement. Poisonous reptiles crawled before me, and the floor, from the exclusion of a current of air, in many places was soft and rotten. I searched each corner, and felt every crevice, without discovering any outlet whereby I might obtain my liberty.

“ At length the idea of sounding against the walls and roof struck me; and to effect this, I used a part of the bench, which merely consisted of three half-decayed boards, and began to beat upon the walls. Soon I fancied that a particular part sounded dead and hollow; and after much examination I traced the joints of a concealed door, at which my now-again-desponding hopes revived. This delightful idea I was not, however, long

long left to indulge in; as after using every means in my power, I could neither stir the hinges, nor discover its fastenings.

“ Replacing the board, I threw myself upon the bench, breathless with my exertions, and stung with disappointment. All was hushed in silence, save the occasional distant clank of chains—a proof that the dungeons contained other prisoners, perhaps wretched as myself; yet we ever think our own sufferings greater far than those of others. Anon I fancied the dire sound of groans, like those of a person in the agonies of death; then methought the bolts of this recently-discovered door grated, as though some person on the other side was essaying to pull them back. More attentively now did I listen, but all was
again

again silent, and I believed the fancied sound to be alone in my own bewildered imagination.

“ My eyes soon grew heavy, tired nature urging repose, and I stretched myself on the bench—a place of rest which, if not quite so yielding, was less offensive than my rotten straw. In my state of body and mind sleep afforded but little refreshment. My slumber was interrupted by frightful dreams; horrid forms and scenes of blood floated before me; a ruthless ruffian was dragging a female to the bed of pollution. I darted at the ravisher and slew him. The female fell upon her knees, imploring my protection, when turning to raise her—oh Heavenly Powers! I fancied it was my wife, to whose side clung my infant boy, suing for mercy. In my effort to embrace

brace them again I fell from my narrow bench, and found myself struggling upon the cold, damp, earthy floor of my dungeon. 'Tis said, that when the body sleeps the soul is active, warning us against waking dangers.

CHAPTER VIII.



My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 E'en now forsake me ; and of all my lands
 Is nothing left me but my body's length.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Doom of Death.

“ By this time,” continued sir Sydney,
 “ I calculated that I had, thus wretched,
 nearly worn the night ; to sleep again I
 found impracticable. The impression
 of my dream greatly increased my un-
 easiness, but happily, under all my late
 fatigue, particularly in my unsuccessful
 efforts to force the secret door, added
 little short of distraction of mind ; my

wounds continued staunch, and with a habit of body long cool by temperance, I fancied them already yielding to the efforts of nature, their smart having considerably abated. I grew anxious for morning, or rather for the opening of my prison-door, if only to throw me in some food; for nothing had passed my lips, save a scanty share of the bowl presented to my conductors on our entering the outer court of the hateful castle. I could not admit that the tyrant meant to starve me unto death, nor that he aimed at more than a large ransom for my person, in part satisfaction of my guardian's defending my estate, during my minority, from his rapacious gripe.

“ Again casting my eyes around the dark void of my prison, I fancied that a faint light was gleaming through a crevice
vice

vice of the wall. It must be, thought I, the glimmering of a lamp from some adjoining dungeon, perhaps that of the wretched fellow-creature whom I fancied once in the act of endeavouring to push back the bolts of the secret door. I gazed until my eyestrings, as it were, seemed to crack. So with the anxious mariner at sea, who, by long looking for his wished-for haven, is oft obliged to relieve his aching eyes, and thereby loses the object of his search. After closing mine for half a minute, I no longer saw this beam of hope; then I concluded it to be the illusion of fancy—that Will-o'-th'-Wisp which leads the benighted traveller into bogs and fens, and there, entangled, leaves him.

“ I had relapsed into despondency, and bent my thoughts once more upon

my wretched wife, when involuntarily again looking in the same direction, again I fancied the light appeared with a tint somewhat stronger. I started from my seat, determined to be convinced by a nearer view; it was the glorious sun, insinuating one of his blessed rays through a narrow, oblique perforation in the wall, which just served to keep the air of the dungeon from total stagnation.

“ It was not until I had some time felt the gnawing gripe of hunger, and now the day was far advanced, that my dungeon’s door was opened. The same ruffians who had so basely overpowered me upon the moor entered, one bearing a loaf of bread, the other a pitcher of water. Thus reduced, and I may say like the lion tamed by fasting in his toil,

I found

I found myself constrained to lower the tone of resentment. I entreated them, with dignity at least, which never forsook me, as men who surely, soon or late, must answer to the Omnipotent for their deeds in this world, and with him reckon up their services to a vain mortal like themselves, who, unprovoked, and almost unknown to the object, had instigated them to fall upon the innocent and unsuspecting traveller, attack him at the odds of two against one, mangle, disarm, and then cast him into the dreary bowels of the earth, and there leave him to perish 'mid poisonous reptiles, ready to prey upon his wounds—for their Redeemer's sake, I begged of them to say what crime had brought my late misfortunes upon my devoted head;

‘if thirst for gold, your cravings shall be satisfied in the price of my ransom.’

‘You were brought here,’ replied Jenks, ‘by the command of our lord and master, the baron Mortimer; and your doom—is death! Your crime we are not made acquainted with, neither do we know the day fixed for your punishment. As to your gold, sir knight, keep it to buy masses to release your soul from purgatory. For myself, since nothing short of your death will satisfy my lord, I am heartily sorry for what has past, and I wish I could now wash my hands of the business; for much do I fear the priest cannot purge me of the wrong I have done you.’

‘And I,’ continued Dafydd, ‘entered into it sorely against my will; but now
should

should we flinch, our lives will become the forfeit.'

" Oh conscience, conscience ! however we may endeavour to stifle thy upbraidings and quiet thy remorse, how severe and lengthened thy punishment, how painful and rankling thy thorn, though our crimes are even hid to men's eyes ! The tear now stood in each eye of these rude men ; losing the power of utterance, and like some flying from guilt, they hastily again left me to my fate.

" Six times had I watched the passing ray of the sun at the aperture, and as often was my door opened for my daily stint of food—a time of all human woes the worst to be endured, momentarily looking for the ministers of death, pre-

mature, unmerited, and most dishonourable.

“ Whenever I essayed to practise upon my jailors, they would put a finger upon their lips, and motion me to understand that a spy was placed upon their actions. During the short intervals of mysterious silence, they would open their doublets, and from thence offer me fragments, and small horns of wine, saved out of their respective daily allowance.

“ One morning, on awakening from a very disturbed sleep, I poured out my orisons to the Father of Mercies with increased energy, praying aloud for the repose of the soul of my murdered father, and invoking his mercies on my wife and child. As if my fervent prayer was granted,

granted, I heard a hollow groan; in a minute more the secret door opened, and to my astonished view appeared the form of an emaciated old man, bearing a faintly-glimmering lamp. He beckoned; but at first I had not power to move or make answer; still the spectre waved me to advance, and believing it to be my guardian angel, at length I obeyed.

“ I was led through such dismal passages as those by which I entered the horrid subterraneous cells, until we reached one far distant; there, pointing to a skeleton, near to which lay a dagger, partly encrusted with rust—‘ Behold what is meant to be thy fate,’ murmured the ghostly figure; ‘ revenge, brave youth, the foul murders and other horrid crimes committed here, or thy death will be near at hand.’

“ I seized the dagger; the point alone I found bright, and as it were sharpened for the purpose recommended by the spectre. It fixed its sunken eyes upon me with an expression of tenderness and approbation, then it motioned me still to follow. I did so until we came to the foot of some winding steps, where it stopped, and turning to me, thus continued—‘ Mark me, sir knight! twelve paces from the top of these winding stairs, and on your left, the murderer is now undergoing the pangs of a guilty mind; he is alone, not daring to witness the execution which but at early morn he determined should be done.’ Then looking on the dagger, which I firmly grasped, he added—‘ You cannot mistake my meaning,’ and in an instant he vanished.

“ I paused

“ I paused in wonder, and hesitating to convince myself that I was not again under the influence of delusion, or in a temporary derangement of intellect, the distant sound of men in arms in the cells through which I had passed aroused me; and then blessing the Almighty for thus far delivering me from the murderous sword, I nimbly sprung up the steps, determined to quiet the perturbed ghost.

“ Scarcely had I reached the top, when my ear was struck with loud and incoherent sentences, which I soon judged to proceed from the effects of compunction in the tyrant. Methought he said, or seemed to say—

‘ How shall I ’scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night, -

Casting my blotted honour in the way,
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide me?"

"Soon as the ravings became more articulate, I distinguished these exclamations—'Now the work of death begins! now are my bloody minions steeled in hand, as in their hearts! Oh happy hour! Ah, dares a wretch like me to talk of happiness! I that am haunted all day, and hag-ridden by night! shall I, to whom life is a burthen, wish to live!—to live to joys ineffable! Oh Mortimer, how dost thou degrade the royal blood of Wales! He shall not die—it may not yet be too late to save him. Ho, Dafydd, Jenks, bloodhounds, do not touch his life! See, see his bleeding body! Oh, spare that horrid frown of death!' Then the voice was lost, but in a few moments it continued—

' Shall

‘ Shall I become a slave to my fears!—
 foiled by a woman! No; he bars my
 road to happiness, and he alone must
 die, that she may be sacrificed to my
 desires; then shall I enjoy what my
 heart has been essaying to possess for
 two tedious years! I rave again—first
 to be damned by avarice, next consumed
 by lust! I can hope for no forgiveness
 in the next world—let me then have
 happiness in this! When he is dead,
 force shall subdue the stubborn beauty
 to my will. She shall be mine!’

“ Then he opened the door, with a
 lamp in one hand, a sword in the other.
 His eyes encountered mine; he retreated
 in horror, but I sprang upon him, and
 plunged my half-rusty dagger into his
 bosom. I was in the act of repeating
 the blow, when, as he fell, he exclaimed
 —‘ Enough,

—‘ Enough, sir Sydney! in mercy hold your hand! I am already struck to my most vital part, and you are revenged!’

“ Such, my friend, is the call of charity to a fallen enemy, that I tore off the bandage from my wounds to staunch his blood, already streaming upon the ground—‘ Sir Sydney,’ continued the fainting man, ‘ I am justly caught in my own toil—much-injured knight! more fell are my deeds of cruelty to you than you know; grant me but forgiveness, and if the stream of life ebbs not too fast, I will confess, and endeavour to make you some reparation. But first sound the golden bugle you see pendant to the arras—it is the private signal for my seneschal—that I may give him orders to stay the work of death; for now, perhaps, the blood-

hounds

hounds are at the door of your cell, and finding you gone, they may wreak instant vengeance on some other unhappy prisoner.'

" I hesitated to obey this part of the injunctions of the dying man, lest the sound might prove another snare laid for my life ; but he urged me to expedition, saying that it would aid his dying purpose. Death's terrors seldom hide deceit, and upon this thought I gave the signal. It was promptly answered by a man of the middle age of life, whose countenance was sunk in sorrow—' Good usher,' said the dying chief to the affrighted officer, ' behold your expiring lord ! haste, avert the assassin's blow ! and mean time look upon this knight as your future master.'

" There

“ There were alternate expressions of horror and satisfaction in the visage of the attendant; he hastened to execute the first part of his orders.

‘ I faint,’ cried Mortimer, and his head fell. His guilty spirit fled, methought, ere he could gratify his dying desire: Oh! how earnestly did I now wish to prolong a little longer the life of him who had sought my death!

“ As we look for instant succour, I now turned my eyes upon the well-furnished room, and soon perceived the fashioned bottle wherein we keep the refreshing cordial. Its application for a while roused the remains of life, and the dying man thus continued—‘ Sir Sydney,’ said he, as he grasped me with his already-clammy hand, ‘ ’twas I who
seized

seized your father, and immured him in the dungeons of this castle. I endeavoured to rob you of your birth-right, and I sought to seduce your wife.'

"The last confession flashed through my brain like the electric stroke—
'Knowest thou ought of Elwina? Quickly say, for thou hast roused me to shorten thy few moments of life.' Thus, with my dagger again uplifted, I panted for his reply.

'A little patience, good sir knight,' answered Mortimer, 'and listen to me. Thy wife is safe and spotless; but for this, to me, among the rest, thou owest no thanks. From the moment I first saw thy Elwina, I burnt with desire to possess her; I planned divers schemes
to

to get her into my possession, but in vain; I forged the letter from your dying friend, and by a similar artifice feigned a message as coming from you, and thus decoyed her into my snare. I dispatched an intriguing minion to her, as the servant of your friend, requesting her to journey without loss of time to you. The slave too well executed his mission. He answered her many interrogatories, and accounted for the want of some token from you, so as to dispel her doubts; and next day, slightly attended, she fell into the ambush I had planted, and is now in the castle.'

"Upon the instant I would have hurried to my wife; but being assured no harm was near her, and that I had much more to learn in a very limited time, I restrained my ardour.

'Three-

‘Three days,’ continued he, ‘has your Elwina been my prisoner, in which time I have seen her but twice, and she repelled my advances with an indignation that made me mad with passion. Then did her dignified upbraidings, and her threatened resolution to die rather than suffer dishonour, humble my pride, and, for an instant, soften my hard heart. The latter interview was within this fatal hour; the effect it produced upon me was desperation, and the thirst of revenge. I gave instant orders for your death. Wretch that I am! I would, in you, have sacrificed another victim to my ambition. Happily you escaped, and have turned the dagger upon the guilty—my just punishment. And now, most injured knight, aid me in making

making such use of my fleeting moments as may, in part, prepare me for death. First, forgive a dying penitent; next, order my attendants and my vassals to attend me, and summon my tenantry, that they may all witness the last acts and deeds of their lord. Quick be it done, for I find life ebb apace.'

"Again I blew the private horn, and on the instant appeared the usher. To him I repeated his lord's commands, and the chamber was soon filled. The dying man was a little raised, which caused his wound to bleed afresh, and reduced him, as I believed, to the last struggle with death. The numbers which crowded round the sufferer, I ordered to retire, that the fresh air might blow upon him, which, with another cordial, revived.

wived him so as to allow time sufficient to execute the purpose of his now-repentant heart."

CHAPTER IX.

In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling there; the action lies
In its true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. SHAKESPEARE.

Remorse.

“ Now were a select number re-admitted
into the chamber of death, to witness
the will, and hear the dying injunctions,
of their lord. The unhappy man, who
had been raised to a chair, thus address-
ed us—‘ See, my friends, in my sad
case,

ease, the frailty of man! Possessed of
 immense possessions, and highly born,
 I was perpetually craving for more
 wealth; I would have wrested that young
 knight's estate (pointing to me) from
 him, and 'tis only justice that he should
 possess mine. I have no heir to my
 vast possessions—no child to lament
 over my wretched remains; profligacy
 is a monster that generates nought but
 deformity, or proves abortive. Another
 hour—perhaps a few minutes more,
 passed, will close my eyes, and thereby
 make you, sir Sydney ap Morgan, lord
 of Mortimer Castle. Witness this my act,
 friends would I now call you, but I never
 had a friend. I would have murdered
 you, sir Sydney, and 'tis but fit that you
 should take my life; one of us would
 have died, and fate, ever baffling me,
 decreed

decreed that the guilty should perish. Yet greater still are the wrongs I have done you; your wife did I seek to pollute—your worthy father——’

“Here the convulsive hiccup, death’s immediate harbinger, stopped his utterance; and this exertion causing the blood to mount, it ran in a copious stream from his mouth. He spoke but once more; it was a faint ejaculation, which, with dimming eyes, for the last time turned upwards, was to the throne of Mercy; then, after several convulsive writhings, in apparent agony he expired.

“Anxious as I was to fly to my Elwina, reflections on the havoc I had made fixed me to the scene of blood. A few short minutes ago, here raved the proud Mortimer, to encompass the
twofold

twofold crime of rape and murder, now a bleeding corse, and fit alone for worms—the remains of a long-illustrious family in an instant destroyed—and his but late attendants looking up to me for future protection, and waiting my nod! These were reflections wherein awhile I was lost.

“ I ordered the body to be taken into another apartment, and gave directions for a funeral befitting the rank which the deceased had unworthily held in this world; then directing the usher to show me to the noble female prisoner, he conducted me through several stately apartments, until we came to that wherein pined my lovely Elwina. She sat with her back to the door, leaning her cheek upon her hand, while precious tears chased each other down her face;

she turned not on the opening of the door, but exclaimed—‘Villain, begone! How dare you thus violate your honour, in granting me this day free from your detested sight? But what crimes is not the tyrant Mortimer capable of committing!’ Then rising, and beholding me advancing with extended arms, she shrieked, and I had just time to save her fall.

“My little boy screamed peals of terror on seeing the condition of his fainting mother—‘Look up, my babe!’ cried I; ‘’tis your Sydney calls, by the mercy of Providence sent again to thy protection—She revives, and I will yet be happy with my Elwina.’

“At the mention of her name, she looked up, and again memory returned—‘Can you forgive me,’ said the sad
fair

fair one, ' my beloved Sydney, for the rude reception I gave you? but indeed I thought it was the monster Mortimer, and, thus impelled, I spoke ere I knew that I was addressing my beloved husband. But say, how came you too into the tyrant's grasp? Ah, me! I fear our doom is fixed, and that you have capitulated, on the terms of life, once more to embrace your wife and child. We all are now in the hands of the merciless tyrant, who now rests his hopes of accomplishing his hellish purpose by according me this indulgence, the greatest certainly in his power; but as I live alone for you, so will I die with my lord's honour unsullied.'

" Thus did this affectionate woman express her fears, and declare her magnanimous resolution. When I told of

my perilous adventures — my hairbreadth escapes — my confinement in the noisome dungeon — and my providential escape therefrom, the drops of pity trickled from her beautiful blue eye; but when I named my last sad act of desperation, and described the rusty dagger doing its duty, she fell upon her knees, and blessed God for her release from the power of a lustful tyrant.

“Elwina now told me the stratagem used to decoy her into the hands of the base Mortimer, just as the guilty dying man had already related—‘When brought,’ continued she, ‘to the hateful castle, I was conducted, with every outward mark of distinction, to the chamber consigned me as a prison. A plentiful, and indeed splendid repast, was spread before me by the good usher
—good

—good let me call him, for he endeavoured to sooth my sorrow; but upon any question proposed, tending to the elucidation of the cause of my seizure and confinement, he respectfully answered that his office bound him to secrecy. The next morning the traitor intruded himself into my presence, and I repelled him as became a virtuous woman. Two days had not passed (it was that on which you were doomed to die) before he repeated his advances—offered to constitute my boy his heir—told me that you had been beset and murdered by robbers—and offered his hand to me.

“ Now, my friend, were not her mental sufferings greater than mine in the horrid dungeon? He again left her to a week’s consideration. The villain surely intended in that time to assassinate me,

and expose my body, as the victim of a banditti; then to force her to compliance—to become, perhaps, his wife—at all events, to sacrifice her to his lust.

“ But these are not yet all the dread trials which I had to go through in this castle of iniquity. The usher, whose heart differed from that of his deceased master wide as the distance between them in worldly rank, soon as the first of the duties were paid to our departed fellow-creature, humbly requested of me a private interview. He told me that several prisoners yet lingered in the dungeons, whose estates lord Mortimer had wrested, and instead of murdering, had thus immured them.

‘ Fly,’ returned I, ‘ and open wide their prison doors; give them food and raiment; anon I will visit them, and redress

dress

dress their wrongs, as far as restoring them to their rights and liberties can cheer the unfortunate prisoner.'

"He declared that this was the only order ever given him within the castle walls which he should find heartfelt satisfaction in executing—'Something more, my lord, I would say, but that my tongue almost refuses its office; my heart, for the blessings this day shed to so many, is too full; indulge me a moment, and excuse my tears; drops of pity may surely fall from the hard nature of man, and you yourself may soon have need to summon all your fortitude.'

"I sat down in amazement, in order that he might disencumber himself of the heavy burthen which seemed to overload his mind, by following my example.

‘ Know you, sir,’ resumed the usher, ‘ that, owing to the death of my late lord, you lose your supposed title to that of knight-banneret? Can you tell who this day saved you from an ignominious death?’

“ I answered that it was to a spectre, perhaps the ghost of some prisoner butchered by the hand of Mortimer— ‘ But how—say, usher, how am I to lose my title to knighthood?’

‘ Because sir Lloyd ap Mortimer yet lives. The spectre who delivered you was your father, whom I, by stratagem, rescued from the fate which awaited you, and for fourteen years have secreted him from every human eye save mine. I daily carried him food and the choicest liquors, and at each opportunity have been the only companion of the excellent

lent man. 'Twas I too who apprised him of your late perilous situation.'

'Not the last sounding could surprise me more,
That summons drowsy mortals to their dooms;
When call'd in haste, they fumble for their limbs,
And tremble, unprovided for their charge.'

"To describe my feelings is impossible; to picture the scene of meeting between a long-lost father and an affectionate son, is too much for my relation. I flew to the spot where I received the dagger. The usher had left nothing undone in benevolently preparing both for the event. Again I embraced my living father!"

Thus ended the narrative of the knight concerning his adventure. Then he observed, that, attended by two of the late Mortimer's attendants, he had set off towards his own castle, in order to show

himself to his people, many of whom, he was sure, would mourn the absence of their patrons; and that one of these attendants being thrown from his horse, and badly hurt, he had ordered the other to attend his comrade, while alone he pursued his journey.

CHAPTER X.

————— You want to lead
My reason blindfold, like a hamper'd lion,
.. Check'd of its noble vigour ; then, when baited
Down to obedient tameness, make it couch,
And show strange tricks, which you call signs of faith.
So silly folks are gull'd, and you get money.

OTWAY.

The juggling Priest.

EARLY the next morning the knight took his departure, and Ap Rhys, left to his own reflections, pondered alone upon the prospects of a union with the honourable Miss Dorothea de Wellinger. So entirely was he lost in the intricate road to matrimony, that he could

find no time to think on the subject, as regarding his beautiful daughter, for whom two gallant youths were contending in the royal lists. Thus we find that self-interest played a sordid game, and weakened the strongest tie of consanguinity, even among the proud and ancient sons of St. David.

Three days had he thus passed in contemplation before he heard that the gauntlet had been thrown in honour of his fair daughter; but as the information did not come in any official guise, he affected to treat it as a mere bacchanalian frolic, which, the next day, would be explained to the mutual satisfaction of the rival knights.

At length he came to a conditional determination; the terms were, to visit lord De Wellinger, for the purpose of examining

examining his genealogy. That he was an English baron, Ap Rhys admitted with the most profound respect; on the other hand, his family was English, a descent far less glorious than the unconquered blood of Wales, and with whom his ancestors had never mingled. The point upon which the important business hung, was to ascertain whether any of the De Wellingers had branched into any noble or ancient family of his country. That settled to his satisfaction, he considered, would make some atonement for not again marrying a Welsh woman; and that it would keep quiet the spirits of his ancestors, who, by long tradition, it appeared, upon any deterioration of their honours, in a male descendant of their house intermarrying with an inferior female, would “ ope the ponderous
and

and marble jaws of their sepulchre," and shake the armour each had worn in the defence of their country, all of which hung, in chronological rank, in the great hall of the castle.

While yet digesting this most important affair, Llydila, almost breathless, broke upon her father's meditation, exclaiming, that, in passing through the hall, the arms of their grandsire, prince Gruffydh, shook, with its beaver uplifted.

She screamed, and fled to her father, who chid her for what he termed her childish fears—"Oft," said the inwardly-alarmed man, "have foolish women, my attendants, chased me with such ridiculous apprehensions; but I thought, Llydila, that I had long ago fortified your mind against such vain illusions, and I
trust

trust you have not told your fears to your maidens."

The daughter replied that she was unattended, and came straight to him. He then enjoined her not to name her fantasy to any person whatever. She promised obedience, and retired.

Though Ap Rhys gave this turn to what his daughter had communicated, yet, with all his pride and personal courage, he was by no means divested of the superstition of his day—the work of priestcraft. That the spirit of Gruffydh, one of the bravest but most unfortunate of his ancestors—that yet encased within the steel which in life he wore, his ghost alone should frown upon him, was a miracle of dread warning, and gave him infinite cause for apprehension—"Can this," surmised he, "proceed from the repugnance

repugnance my valiant ancestor entertains to my desire of intermixing my blood with England? Can it rise perturbed to oppose my union with the noble house of De Wellinger? It must be so; the ivy of her family must not be entwined round the genealogical tree of Ap Rhys. Yet will I satisfy myself before I obey the forbidding ghost."

Then did he hesitate upon following the first impulse created by this alarm, that of himself seeing the cause which created his daughter's fears. He found his courage put to the test; and in those times, under such dread forebodings, it required no little resolution; but soon subduing apprehension, and conquering his fears, he grasped his sword, and seizing a lamp, boldly advanced to the hall of arms; there, on either side, in
 long

long ranks, hung the armour once proudly worn by his valiant ancestors. All was silent as the house of death; he viewed each steeled suit as he passed; and on approaching that of Gruffydh, the last of royal bearings of the Ap Rhyses, he cast the look of doubt and anxiety; but it moved not—its beaver was down—and all was quiet.

Now the big sigh of satisfaction and escape heaved, and exultation wantoned in the mind of Ap Rhys—"Weak, womanish fears were they that impelled me on this unmanly errand!"

Thus did our chief exclaim as he returned; but ere he could reach the passage from the hall, he was astounded by a deep and hollow-sounding voice exclaiming—"Gwilym, Gwilym! let not
a rash

a rash act degrade thy ancestors! Let our proud spirits, which look with jealous eyes over thy actions, rest in their peaceful graves!"

It may be questioned, of the most undaunted of men, whether in such a case, and so situated, their nerves were not unstrung, or their hearts unassailed by the throb of agitation. The effect produced on our chief, we are free to confess, acted as a spur to his retreat; nor did he incline to cast a look to the spot from whence issued the ghostly sounds.

"This—this indeed is amazing!" exclaimed the alarmed chieftain, as he threw himself upon a couch in his private apartment. When somewhat recovered from his agitation, he brought to mind the stories he had heard of the
spirits.

spirits of murdered men opening their coffin tenements, and in the dead hour of night wandering from their

“Charnel-house,

O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow, chapless skulls :”

—that such perturbed spirits have op'd wide the curtains of their murderer's bed, unbared their breasts, and showed the yet-bleeding wounds which deprived them of life, calling for revenge; and that the guilty sleeper, affrighted at the horrid spectre, in a dream, implored that mercy which had been to them denied. “I have heard, too, that 'tis conscience which proves an earthly hell to those committing rapes and murder, with which the miserable perpetrator is perpetually upbraided.

“But this is not the punishment which
can

can await me," continued the musing chief; I am not steeped deep in crimes; no blood have I shed, nor female violated; and yet to distinctly hear, in my wide, waking senses, my ancestor, consigned to his tomb for ages past, call me by name—charge me with disturbing him in the peaceful grave—and warn me not to bring disgrace upon them; all this, I protest, is most amazing, and to me incomprehensible—that I, Gwilym, who, if not the greatest, have surely been as proud as any, should be warned against doing ought dishonourable. The omen was misapplied, and the ghost must have mistook his man. That sainted spirits, I have also heard, look down from heaven upon the deeds of darkness in this world; if so, great Gruffydh, the glory of the living Ap Rhys

Rhys must have told you, that I needed not caution from the dead to preserve the fame of my family."

This apparent supernatural event served but to hasten the second journey of Ap Rhys to the mouldering castle of the lord De Wellinger, but he no longer cared to proceed alone. He gave instant orders for a small troop of his horse to hold themselves in readiness to attend him on the morn of the next day. An avant-courier was dispatched to a little hamlet, not more than a league distant from the noble place of his destination, with directions to the hosts of two small places of public resort to prepare quarters and entertainment for the soldiers; then to repair to the castle, to apprise the lord of his master's approach.

After the whole party had made a
hasty

hasty breakfast, Ap Rhys, in martial glory, mounted his proud steed, and headed his little band. As he passed through his gates, with the loud blast of the shrill trumpet, and the sound of the echoing horns, he mentally said—
 “ Now what will the spirit of Gruffydh, and those of my long list of ancestors, say to the honours done them by their true descendant, Gwilym ?”

State travelling in those days was not performed with the expedition of the great man at Windsor, to attend a levee at his wife's house at the gate of Buckingham. Then was there some tenderness shown to that noble animal, the horse, which lived, unbroken down, to good old age; and when no longer able to do his master's offices, instead of being knocked on the head, and cast to
 the

the dogs, grazed at ease on the rich clover of the paddock, until, like his master, he obeyed the call of nature. Ap Rhys therefore moderately paced along, took his dinner at the head of his attendants; and as the sun was declining from the mountain top, and the glowing skies tinted the woods with the reddening light, he arrived, thus escorted, at the castle of De Wellinger.

CHAPTER XI.

A wit's a feather, a chief's a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

Cross Purposes.

THE noble lord received his guest in fading dignity, and with, alas! the mockery of pomp. The more immediate object of the visit, the honourable lady Dorothea, was decked out with studied care, rich, but somewhat time-worn. Her taper legs were bound with the work of the woollen loom; silk, and even the more grateful wear of linen, were then unknown, queen Elizabeth being

being the first Englishwoman that was presented with a pair of silk stockings.

The parade of receiving Ap Rhys commenced by a responding trumpet. Then the baron, at the head of some ten or twelve in disjointed armour, ordered his rusty gates to open, which, in obedience, creaked upon their hinges. His train, unused to feats of arms, wore their accoutrements somewhat unsoldierlike. Some had their doublets girt with the front at their backs, while others, equally ignorant of warlike attire, wore their swords dangling at their right side. They each appeared out of their sphere, and, in fact, had been hastily called from attending the scanty flocks and herds of their lord. In no respect bore they the appearance of the well-trained soldier. Their commander, however, appeared

armed *cap-a-pie*; but his armour was unfurnished, and bore the marks of long neglect.

There was the affectation of a banquet. A minstrel passing the De Wellinger domain was pressed, for otherwise he would have gone unheeding to tune up the spirits of the guests. Indeed there needed some stimulus for that purpose. If the honourable castle-keeper of the culinary department, and we found that Miss Dorothea filled that office, and *pro tempore* exercised the functions also of housekeeper—if, we say, she had been limited in quantity, she should surely, on that account, have been more careful not to destroy the quality of any part of the viands. The haunch was burnt, the pasty nought but dough; a couple of fowls were served up not entirely unfeathered,

feathered, and a maltreated pair of ducks bled afresh when disjointed. The bread, for lack of time to bake a new batch, was stale, and the wine partook of the flavour and taste of verjuice.

The time of supper passed, for the chief would never admit that it only bore the semblance of a banquet, and the chiefs were left by themselves. The visitor, raising him erect in his chair, after hemming three times, and as often stroking down his brown glossy beard, returned thanks to his noble guest for the honours conferred upon him by his attendance, accompanied by his sister, on the funeral of his dear departed wife; then he continued, that he trusted for pardon should he next introduce the subject of hereditary descent.

The nobleman bowed.

“Then, my lord, permit me to inquire if your memory serves you to say whether any male descendant of your family ever intermarried with the Welsh?”

Lord de Wellinger replied that his grandfather was united in the holy bands of wedlock with Edilgitha, daughter of sir Owen Lewis; the issue of which marriage was his father, three more sons, and four daughters.

“Good, my lord, I am satisfied; yet to-morrow, if your lordship condescends to grant me permission, I will just take a peep into your pedigree; and should you incline to reciprocity in the affair, I have brought mine on a led-horse, and a pretty honourable and tolerable load it is, I assure you, for the five hundred years last past; and when your
lordship

lordship returns my visit, you shall see the more ancient part, up to Llewynn ap Rhys, who, in hardiment of fight, slew a Roman general, heading his legion to despoil us of our lands and goods, and enslave our country. And now, my lord," continued Ap Rhys, "permit me to observe, that I find it incumbent upon me to connect myself with some honourable family, and I have determined upon a union with yours, provided it likes your freewill."

The lord was most agreeably surprised, and expressed his sense of the honour contemplated to the house of De Wel-linger; that if the fair one's consent could be obtained, and she might be thought fit for the duties of a wife, the sooner the more agreeable it would be to him to have the ceremony performed. Then

did he sing praises on the lady—talked of her elegant shape—extolled her beauty—the colour of her cheeks he compared to a ripening peach—her glow of health to its bloom—her lips to cherries—and, above all, her delicacy and blushing modesty, he declared, might captivate the most fastidious knight of Wales.

In turn, Ap Rhys was somewhat posed at these flattering compliments of a brother on a sister; but he also had observed the great attention she had observed towards him; and this, he concluded, augured well, conceiving that this poor sprig of nobility yearned to be enriched. Then again he thought that his comparisons, in such a case, were rather high-flavoured flattery. He had fancied that instead of a coronet on her head, she rather

ther wore a throne on her back. He could see no similitude between a sallow complexion and the colour of the ripening fruit; and in place of that delicious bloom thereon, he had fancied that he perceived the intrusive curl of some few officious, straggling hairs towards her upper lip, and thence making an irregular progress towards the chin—a circumstance most hateful to ladies past the prime of beauty, and which they seek to dislodge with the most painful perseverance. Neither could he admit that coyness, in its coarsest affectation, was a correct picture of modesty, or that a voice, unharmonized by continually scolding servant maidens, could be an emblem of meekness. He concluded his cogitations by imputing the rhapsody of his companion to a court education.

which, he inwardly blessed God, had never tainted *his* mind.

During this pause of mental converse, the enraptured lord hesitated, under the hope that the lover was determining upon a day for his introduction to the fair Llydila, in the character of a suitor to her affections; while the other doubted upon the policy of uniting himself with a family of poverty and self-sufficiency.

At length Ap Rhys broke silence, by observing that one visit had already taken place.

“ True, my good friend, at the melancholy funeral,” was the reply.

“ Yes,” returned Ap Rhys; “ but *another*, if that be deemed *one*, has taken place.”

“ Pardon me, Mr. Ap Rhys,” observed the lord; “ I have not, since that melancholy

choly event, cast my eyes upon your castle."

"That boots not," resumed its owner; "nor, I dare say, has the looming beauty."

This play at cross purposes here produced another pause, which was thus resumed by lord de Wellinger—"You speak in parables, Mr. Ap Rhys; pray use plainer terms."

"And you," retorted the other, "appear dull of apprehension. I say I saw the lady here—*here* I tell you, my lord, and that within a very few days, when I was received with every mark of favour."

A confused mutual mistrust flashed across each other's mind.

"How am I to understand you, sir?" continued the wondering lord; "a visit

here but a few days ago! I marvel much that my sister never named the honours you both had done me."

"I will no longer excite your wonder," returned the father, "when told that the elegant, beautiful, blooming, delicate, and modest lady kept secret the first visit of her lover."

Amazement was pictured in the time-worn visage of the lord, while the more proud commoner was mortified at his incredulity.

De Wellinger, somewhat recollecting himself, declared that he had fondly hoped the import of the present visit was to propose a union between him and the fair Llydila, to whom he had applied the encomiums he had bestowed—the dictates of his heart.

"How, my lord," retorted Ap Rhys,
"propose

“propose the marriage of my daughter, but yet a girl, to *you*? Why, my lord, you have the start of *me* in years. What midnight ravings should I cause to the spirits of my ancestors, should I marry a daughter of their house to you, though ennobled, yet almost old enough to be her grandfather? I come, my lord, to woo your sister.”

It would require the pencil of the ablest caricaturist to depict their looks. The noble blood of one crimsoning his cadaverous countenance—pride of ancestry distorting the other to inflation, and both anxious to conceal each other's mistakes. Cooling upon the latter idea, they came to a full explanation; the lord admitted the disparity of years; the visiting lover made his proposals, which were gladly accepted, the former being

himself anxious to partake of the superior cheer of the castle of Ap Rhys.

The visit having now taken its right turn, the lady was summoned, and her prudent brother withdrew, under some hasty pretence, leaving his friend to tell his soft tale of love; and, in truth, he soon became a thriving wooer.

A full hour did lord de Wellinger allow them for amorous converse. He judged, and we shall hereafter find with good reason, the time was fully sufficient for parties who could only deal to each other the mere affectation of the tender passion. His sister, he well knew, had endured the cold of too many winters, not to extinguish every spark of ardent love; the dying embers might, he thought, perhaps be stirred, but he was sure they could not mount in a flame.

flame. As to the lover, he knew that a noble alliance was the only spur to his visits; for of all passions incident to human nature, vanity is that which most effectually perverts the faculties of the understanding—nay, it sometimes becomes so incredibly depraved as to aspire at infamy, and find pleasure in bearing the stigma of reproach.

When the brother returned, he coaxed his wrinkles into something like a smile. His honourable sister had long tuned hers, and was playing with them to the very utmost of her powers. He demanded of her whether she approved of the purport of his friend's journey? to which she replied that she was greatly honoured. To be brief, at their time of life there needed not many raptures on one side, or coyness on the other. They
had

had already pledged to each other vows of constancy—nay, the happy day was so far discussed that it remained to be fixed, as soon as the prescribed time of mourning for a former wife had passed.

Nought but joy now prevailed among this eccentric trio. The lady departed, in order to strip the untasted fowls of what remained of nature's covering; and the half-prepared ducks were again placed before the fire. The nobleman, who had long dispensed with the charges and pilferings of a butler, well knowing that the choicest store of the cellar is wasted in the steward's room, went to his scanty stock of wine, and returned with a couple of flasks that had not been so greatly hurt by souring. Then filling the goblet to the brim, he drank it off to the happiness of the intended union

between

between the houses of Ap Rhys and De Wellinger.

Next morning, soon as the visiting chief had satisfactorily traced the blood of the De Wellingers into Welsh veins, he departed in courtly state, and without meeting farther impediment, reached his own castle.

CHAPTER XII.



Hark ! the death-announcing trumpet sounds
 The fatal charge, and shouts proclaim the onset ;
 Destruction rushes dreadful to the field,
 And bathes itself in blood. HAYWARD.

The deadly Combat—Priestcraft.

THE frank and earnest temper of the Welsh, says a modern writer, aided by a natural degree of characteristic pride, kept up the spirit of distinctions long after the causes of them had subsided ; and few nations have shown so strong an attachment to the customs, the traditions, and the long-traced descent of their ancestors. Insensibly, however,
in

in the lapse of time are these points of variation from their neighbours sinking into oblivion. Their asperities have been softened down into mutual intercourse; and what remains is far more pleasing and curious than offensive to a stranger. The gentlemen of Wales, following the example of those of England, desert their proper stations, and lose that high estimation which the imposing presence of an active and upright landlord has transmitted to posterity.

A more useful and dignified being can hardly exist than a man of landed property in Wales, living in credit in the mansion-house of his ancestors, and exercising his talents for the general good, as an upright magistrate, a friendly neighbour, and a liberal benefactor. High spirit, energetic animation, and
great

great courage, may be accounted among the strong points of the Welsh character, and these, when properly exhibited, cannot fail to create respect and admiration. Hospitality, that engaging affection, which may take root in every nation, but which retreats, in general, from the seats of opulence and luxury, is peculiarly adapted to the disposition of the Welsh.

Open, ingenuous, and considerate, the native gentleman of Wales dispenses freely around him the benefits he receives from his position, and supports the character he derives from his predecessors by a well-timed and liberal attention to all who fall within his sphere of action. Hence has the natural character for animation sometimes partaken too much of warmth of temper, and a hastiness

tinness of expression has gained the Welshman the reputation of being quarrelsome. Conviviality, in too great an extreme, has in some societies led to habitual intemperance—the minute attention to ancient customs has often retarded improvement—and the veneration shown to a long line of ancestors has occasionally degenerated into the stiffness of family pride. The higher orders of society have already emancipated themselves from these shackles; but the lower class of society are yet slow in following so laudable an example.

Thus have nature, art, and even the vestiges of decayed grandeur, adorned both parts of this interesting portion of our island with peculiar and mutual advantages; for the increasing improvements of each happy tract we may be
 allowed

allowed to hope from the successful industry of man ; so that when that happy period arrives in which all local distinctions in its parts are lost in the perfection of the whole, the impetuous spirit of the Welsh, corrected by, and correcting in its turn, the tempered perseverance of the English, may contribute to confirm and prolong to future ages the energetic respectability of the whole British character, when it will be universally admitted that

“ Birth is a shadow—courage, self-sustained,

Out-lords succession's phlegm, and needs no ancestors.”

While Ap Rhys was seeking a second wife unto himself, two gallant youths were preparing to combat for his daughter. The petition to the king for the lists

lists was granted, and they were prepared in royal style, with an elevation sumptuously decorated for the king, who was always expected to sit as umpire; but often that judgment was delegated to the nobleman who held the dignities of lord high constable and earl marshal.

The heralds had already proclaimed the trial by battle in every borough-town and before every castle; save that, from motives of delicacy, they were ordered not to sound before the walls of Rhys. The knights were ordered to fight with the couched lance, the sword and target, and with their beavers down. They were thus distinguished; sir Owen Glendower rode a bay charger—sir Manfred Lloyd was mounted upon a roan, and each horse had been well trained;

sir

sir Owen had a slip of spotted goat's skin fancifully entwined round his helmet—sir Manfred wore feathers of the mountain-birds, formed into a nodding plume.

Early on the eventful morn of combat all ranks hastened to the lists. The seats, formed like an amphitheatre, displayed all the beauty and fashion of Wales. Previous to the onset between the foes, many noble youths had broke the lance—the fashion of the day among martial men, who as much delighted in the exercise as did the fair in beholding their manly feats; but no contest in wrath was intended, save that between those who had demanded the lists. The tilts of friendship finished, the utmost limit of time passed without the signal of a royal approach—the king was then holding

holding his court in a far-distant part of his dominions.

The nobleman executing the offices of lord high constable and earl marshal took his seat on the left hand of the throne, and commanded the royal trumpet to sound; whereupon a herald, wearing the king's arms upon his coat, advanced to the middle of the arena, and proclaimed the royal order for a trial by battle. This was immediately answered by the trumpets of the rival knights. The opposite barriers were then opened by soldiers of the crown, and at the same time appeared the combatants, each attended by his esquire, and armed as in the front of the enemy of their country.

“ Great was their strife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd;

Now

Now friends no more, no interchange of hand,
But as they met they made a sudden, surly stand.'

Their proud steeds too seemed to snort defiance at each other. 'Too intent upon destruction, without the salute, or the signal being given usual upon such occasions, the rivals madly spurred their chargers, and met with so tremendous a shock, that, as they attempted to strike, their horses staggered, and both the combatants were dashed upon the ground. Raised upon their feet by their esquires, they ran desperately at each other, and with falchions dealt their lusty blows at random. Nor caution nor judgment was shown; it was a fight of angry lions. Three times did they breathe as by mutual consent, and as oft drank the water brought to wash their wounds. Now nearly exhausted, their blows little
availed;

availed; they had not strength to cleave a helmet, and their thrusts were too feeble to penetrate the coat of mail. In aiming their blows they fell upon the ground, and vainly struggled to rise and renew their deadly encounter.

The noble umpire now ordered the lists to be broken; yet these valiant knights, each disabled, and bleeding from their wounds, would not yield to each other one jot of submission. As they were borne off the field by their esquires, they recriminated, dared each other to future combat, and with voices faint through pain and loss of blood, both claimed the victory. Their wounds proved mortal; and ere a week had passed, their respective friends mourned over each a corse.

When intelligence was brought to

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Ap Rhys of the fatal issue of the combat, he gave instant orders—not, reader, to attend the remains of his daughter's late suitors to the grave, but for the attendance of his herald, to make in his pedigree a marginal note to this effect:—

“ In the year of Christ

MCCCXXXVI.

and of the usurpation of Wales,

III.

Sir OWEN GLENDOWER, of royal descent,

and

Sir NATHAN LLOYD, of noble family,

by challenge of gauntlet, and in the royal lists,

fought in combat, and both were slain,

in honour of LLYDILA,

daughter and sole heiress

of

GWILLYM AP RHYS.”



To Llydila the mention of this sad encounter proved a fresh source for her tears. They fell not for a lover, but for the death of two fellow-creatures, lost through her miserable existence; but her father grieved not; he knew that many more knights yet lived, and he was convinced that the proudest would gladly be allied to his family. He even found that, at present, he could well dispense with suitors to his daughter, seeing that he himself soon meant to bring a bride to his castle; and thus he wished all future gallants would end their visits in a way so expeditious and effectual.

Thus freed from importunities of that nature, he anxiously waited the time for throwing off his sable suit. He now, less than ever, sat with his daugh-

ter. If there was any paternal love for her in his breast, it was chiefly influenced by family pride. His castle was wrapt in gloom; and the few who might call on a visit of condolence, with a *show* of thanks, were soon dismissed.

One evening, while he was contemplating future honours in a second marriage, he was aroused by female screams from the hall of arms. Conceiving that by satisfying himself of Welsh blood having mingled in the veins of the noble lady whom he meant to espouse, the ghosts of his ancestors no longer could question his proceedings, he more resolutely, and armed as before, again sought the scene of alarm.

He had not far proceeded towards the scene of terror and alarm, when he was nearly upset by his female domestics
hurrying

hurrying after each other; and all he could learn was incoherent exclamations respecting the armour of prince Gruffydh.

The living chief of the castle recovering himself, rushed onwards, determined on an explanation with the spirit of the dead. He boldly advanced to the disturbed armour—he saw it shake, and three times did the visor open. He demanded the cause of this supernatural effect, exclaiming that he was conscious of giving no cause of disquiet to the soul of the royal Gruffydh, but was answered alone by a hollow groan.

“Nay, then,” replied the chief, “if, great ancestor, you will give no reason, I will tear your secret from you, even should you hurry me to your cemetery.” Then setting down his light, he forced

open the armour, and within it he discovered—not a spirit—but the animate body of his household priest!

The chief, enraged at this crafty deceit—this insult to his family, sprung up, seized the sanctified hypocrite by his gown, and pulled him to the ground; with him fell the armour, which, with its trophies, all lay scattered on the wide-flagged floor. Ap Rhys did not wait to see the havoc he had made, but grappled with the friar, and was dragging him along, when the latter suing for mercy, and promising submission, was permitted to follow to the hall of justice.

From thence a summons was sent to the officers of the garrison, and the terrified household nymphs were ordered to attend. Then the chief, mounting
to

to his seat of judgment, thus addressed his audience—"Behold, in this unworthy priest, the cause of the late alarms in my armoury; I found him skulking within the armour of my royal ancestor! Oh that such a disgrace should ever fall upon my family! but he shall instantly confess the motive that led him to this dishonour to his calling.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Page 4. *Llewellyn the Great, prince of Wales.*

Of this great and good man, tradition has handed down this anecdote. At a place called Bed-Kelert, in the vicinity of Snowdon, Llewellyn the Great came to reside, for the hunting season, with his princess and children. While this royal family was one day absent, a wolf entered the house, and attempted to kill an infant that was asleep in a cradle. The prince's faithful dog, named Kill-Hart, that was watching by the side, seized the rapacious animal, and killed it. In the struggle the cradle was overturned, and

lay upon the wolf and child. On the prince's return, missing the child, and observing the dog's mouth stained with blood, he immediately concluded Kill-Hart had killed the infant, and in a paroxysm of rage drew his sword, and ran the animal through the heart. But how great was his surprise, when, on replacing the cradle, he found the wolf dead, and his child alive! and what were his feelings, when he saw his faithful dog, that had preserved his infant, lay dead at his feet, a victim to his too-hasty resentment! He caused the creature to be buried, erected a monument to his memory, and built a church, and dedicated it to St. Mary, as a grateful offering for the preservation of his child.

Wolves were then very destructive, both to the Welsh and English on the borders, but were extirpated by a singular act of king Edgar. The princes of North Wales having, for a length of time, neglected to pay the tribute exacted upon them, Edgar appeared, at the head of his army, to enforce their obedience, which having effected, he wisely changed the pecuniary tribute into a requisition

quisition of three hundred wolves annually. In the third year there were none to be found, and the princes became exempt from acknowledgment to the king of England. Edgar seems, in this instance, to have been actuated by the same motives as Solon, who enacted, that whoever brought a he-wolf was to receive five drachms (the price of an ox), and for a she-wolf one drachm (the price of a sheep).

In the neighbourhood is the village of Aber, and near to it a conical mount, on which formerly stood a castle, the palace of the princes of North Wales. In digging, not many years ago, the remains of it were found, a proud discovery to the modern Welsh. Here prince Llewellyn was summoned to deliver up the principality to the crown of England, upon the three qualified conditions advised by the archbishop of Canterbury, and which produced a spirited memorial, which, for its animated and eloquent diction, might have reflected credit on a more polished age, and at once discovered the oppressive measures pursued by
Edward,

Edward, and the injurious treatment the Welsh experienced from their haughty neighbours.

Page 13. *The present Ap Reeces.*

Footo, who was flattered with the appellation of the English Aristophanes, was base enough to caricature the ancient head of the Ap Reeces upon the stage, under the name of Cadwallader, a character performed by himself. The late Mr. Ap Reece, a man of large fortune and boasted family, who, when offered a peerage, replied—"That he preferred being at the head of the commons than the tail-piece of the lords," greatly patronised the player when he first opened his theatre in the Haymarket; and the return he made him was basely to play off his singularities to the public. When his farce was ready for performance, which he called "The Author," Footo waited on Mr. Ap Reece with tickets of admission, observing that he had retained one of the stage boxes for the accommodation of his patron.

The

The proud Welshman, highly flattered with this mark of Foote's gratitude, used his utmost interest in support of the new piece, and filled the box with his family. When Cadwallader entered, he was struck with the similarity of the dress of the character to that which he generally wore in public; and so exact was the imitation, that the critics in the pit saw, as it were, two Cadwalladers, one a spectator of the other. Ap Reece observed a silent mortification for some time; but when Becky entered, so consoled are we with company in misfortune, that he turned with exultation to his wife, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by half the house—"Ah ha, dame, that's you!"

Page 14. *Or the more hateful Normans, who curfewed the conquered English into the dark.*

One of the first acts of oppression of William, the Norman conqueror of England, was the issuing an order, on pain of death, that, on the ringing

ringing of a certain bell, at an early hour of evening, called the curfew, all persons should put out their fires and extinguish their lamps. Whatever might have been his own private motive in doing this, it served his licentious and unrestrained followers for the dark purposes of plunder, and the commission of all kinds of enormity. A tragedy has, within a few years last past, been represented at the royal theatre in Drury-lane on the subject of the curfew.

Page 21. *The bard sang his verse to the soft strains of the harp.*

The ancient Welsh bards, besides the harp, used four more instruments in their grand choruses before the prince and chiefs. These were called, the *crwth*, or crowd; the *pibgorn*, or pipe; the *tabwrdd*, or tabret; and the *corn beulen*, cornet, or bugle-horn. From the harp, in Welsh *telyn*, was formed the modern piece of music, the harpsichord; the *crwth* gave rise to the tabor and pipe,
and

and the corn beulen to the horn and the trumpet.

Page 55. *Vaulted from his stigh-rope upon his charger.*

Horses in these times were mounted by means of a rope. More than a century passed before it was discovered that leather, for that purpose, was a better substitute, but still was called the stigh-rope, from stigan, ascendere, which, in process of time, was corrupted to the word stirrup. It is evident, from various monuments of antiquity, that in the earliest times people rode without either saddles or stirrups.

Page 60. *Petition the king to appoint the lists for the decision of their quarrel.*

In these dark ages trials by battle took their rise. They were considered serious invocations

to

to the Almighty for judgment; and the parties, disputants, appealed to the king for his grant of the lists for the decision of their quarrel.

In a Norman manuscript of 1344, the language in which William the Conqueror ordered the laws to be written, we find the form of application for a trial by battle. Of this curious scrap of antiquity, the following is, in part, a literal translation.

“ When battle takes place, it is to be in this manner. If the plaintiff declares and names sureties in his action, and the defendant defends himself against the plaintiff and his sureties in the action, then the plaintiff shall say openly in court— ‘ I am ready to maintain by battle that which I maintain is just and right, and here is my pledge.’ Thereupon he shall deliver to the judge of the court his pledge, a hood, glove, or other thing. Then the defendant shall say— ‘ I defend myself against the plaintiff and his sureties, and here is my pledge.’

“ Hereupon there shall be levied of the goods of the defendant as much as shall pay his debts;
after

after which the plaintiff shall take of the defendant's effects a moiety, with which he shall provide two champions (but it is understood that the defendant may find his own champion, in which case there is to be no levy on his goods). If two champions be provided by the plaintiff, the defendant shall make his choice of one according to his liking, which champion is to fight in his cause. The party whose champion is overcome is to pay sixty shillings to the king, and one penny for the ground.

“ Trial by battle, in real and personal actions, is always made by champions, unless otherwise agreed to by the parties, &c.”

The quarrel between the Welsh knights, arising from their respective personal claims to a fair mistress, was considered a personal action of the highest consequence, as it most touched their honours. On such occasions, and indeed in all personal quarrels between men of rank or family, they fought in person.

Under the reign of Charles the Fifth, king of France, a man of the name of Aubri de Montdidier,

didier, passing, without any other attendant than his dog, over the forest of Bondy, was assassinated, and buried at the foot of a tree ; his dog marked the place which interred his master, remained several days near his grave, nor did he quit it till forced by hunger to seek for nutriment. He went to Paris, to the house of an intimate friend of his unhappy master, and by his hideous and sorrowful howlings seemed to announce his loss. After he had eaten, he began to cry again, then went to the door, then turned his head to see if they followed him, then ran to his master's friend, and pulled him by the coat, as if he was determined to take him along with him. The singular actions of the dog, his moaning, howling, and, above all, his coming without his master, whom he was never known to leave, his master's sudden disappearance, and perhaps that just Power, who never suffers crimes to go unpunished, aroused their suspicions, and prevailed on the friend, accompanied by another, to follow him. As soon as they came to the foot of the tree in the forest, he redoubled his cries, and
scratched

scratched the earth, as if to make a sign for them to search in that place; they began to dig, and soon found the body of the unfortunate Aubri.

Some time after, this dog perceiving, by accident, the assassin of his master (who, according to historians, was named the chevalier Macaire), he flew at him, seized him by the throat, and it was with much difficulty he was forced to relinquish his hold. Every time he met him, he attacked him with the same fury; so that his inveterate malice to this person was taken notice of by all people, who could not help thinking it very extraordinary. It recalled to mind the affection that he had always shown his master, and at the same time several proofs of the hatred and envy of Macaire to Aubri de Montdidier, which, with other circumstances, increased their suspicions. The king being informed of these transactions, ordered the dog to be brought to him, who appeared quite tranquil until he saw the chevalier Macaire in the midst of about twenty other courtiers, when he turned, barked, and strove to throw himself upon him, but was prevented.

At this time it was a custom in France, when sufficient proofs could not be brought to convict a person, nor yet to acquit the culprit, that it should be decided by single combat between the accuser and the accused, which combats were called, "judgments of Heaven," because it was imagined that Heaven would interfere to support the innocent. The king, struck with the united signs and speechless accusations against Macaire, commanded a duel between the chevalier and the dog, to be fought in a wild, uninhabited place near the isle of Notre Dame. Macaire was armed with a stick, and the dog had a pierced barrel to run into when he retreated, that he might rest himself before he began again. As soon as the dog found himself at liberty, he ran at his antagonist, avoiding his blows, and menacing, first on one side and then on the other, till he had fatigued him, when he flew at him, and seized him by the throat; nor did he let him go till he had made a confession of his crime before the king and his court, who made him suffer the death he justly merited.

A monument

A monument is yet preserved upon the chimney-piece, in the great hall of the castle of Montargis, to record the memory of this dog to posterity, and to prevent such an instance of fidelity from being lost.

At a tournament given preparatory to the nuptials of James the Second, king of Scotland, with Mary of Gelder, daughter of duke Arnold, in the year 1449, at Edinburgh, two Burgundians, of the noble house of Lalain, and a third, styled the squire Melyades, challenged James Douglas, brother of earl Douglas, James Douglas, brother of Lochleven, and John Ross of Halket, to fight with the lance, battle-axe, sword, and dagger. After a festival of some days, they entered the lists, clothed in velvet, and proceeded past the king, the judge and rewarder of the combat, to their pavilions to arm. The earl of Douglas (then the most powerful peer of Scotland) attended the Scottish champions, at the head of five thousand followers. The champions were all knighted by the king, and as soon as that ceremony was gone through,

through, they engaged. The lance and the spear were soon thrown away, when they resorted to the battle-axe. In this assault one of the Douglasses fell; and the combat becoming unequal, the king threw down his *baton*, the signal of its termination.

The last joinder in this kind of issue in England was in the sixth year of the reign of Charles the First, between lord Ray, appellant, and David Ramsay, appellee. This combat was ordered to be tried before the earl of Lindsay, high constable, and the earl of Arundel, earl-marshal. The king, however, soon after the issuing of the warrant, showed much dislike to the continuance of this ferocious method of settling disputes; and taking upon himself the office of judge between them, found that Ramsay was unjustly accused, and the matter was compromised, without having recourse to a legally-bloody conflict, disgraceful to humanity.

Page 61. *Formerly it required considerable skill to vanquish an antagonist; and even in that case it was but seldom that death ensued, the conqueror ever showing mercy.*

A severe battle occurred at Calais between the French and English on the thirty-first of December 1348, when Edward the Third fought *incognito* under the banners of sir Walter de Manny. Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, a knight of great courage and strength, engaged the king in single combat, and it was with much difficulty that the latter made sir Eustace his prisoner.

After the conclusion of the engagement, the victorious monarch met the captive knights, and explained to them and sir Eustace the part he had taken in the conflict; at the same time he declared it was his intention to entertain them all in the castle, to celebrate the commencement of the new year. At the appointed hour the English court appeared in rich dresses, and seated

themselves at table with the prisoners, who received the most friendly attention, and were honoured by the prince of Wales, and the lords his attendants, bearing the first course to the monarch's hospitable board.

After the removal of the supper, Edward remained with his guests, crowned only by a chaplet of fine pearls; and rising, he addressed himself to the different knights, particularly to sir Geoffry de Chargny, who wished to have surprised the town; and sir Eustace de Ribeaumont smiling, he told the latter he found him to be one of the most courageous knights in Christendom, and the most difficult to overcome of any he had to encounter. Then taking off his chaplet, he presented it to sir Eustace, desiring him to wear it in remembrance of the combat between them, and requesting him to declare the cause of his receiving it on all occasions; besides which, he gave him his liberty without ransom.—*Malcolm's Anecdotes.*

Page 64. *The weapons with which he chose to*

Freisart gives so satisfactory an account of the mode of challenging in his time, that I am tempted to transcribe the passage from Mr. Johnes's translation. Richard the Second was at Eltham, where he entertained his courtiers.—
“ When the day of the feast was arrived, and all the lords had retired, after dinner, with the king to his council-chamber, the earl marshal, having settled in his own mind how to act and what to say, cast himself on his knees before the king, and thus addressed him—‘ Very dear and renowned lord, I am of your kindred, your liegeman, and marshal of England ; and I have beside sworn, on my loyalty, my hand within yours, that I would never conceal from you any thing I might hear or see to your prejudice, on pain of being accounted a disloyal traitor. This I am re-

solved never to be ; but to acquit myself before you and all the world.'

"The king, fixing his eyes on him, asked—
'Earl marshal, what is your meaning in saying thus? We will know it.'

'Very dear lord,' replied the earl, 'as I have declared I will not keep any secret from you, order the earl of Derby to come to your presence, and I will speak out.'

"The earl of Derby was called for, and the king made the earl marshal rise, for he addressed him on his knees. On the earl of Derby's arrival (who thought no harm) the earl marshal spoke as follows:—'Earl of Derby, I charge you with having thought and spoke disrespectfully against your natural lord, the king of England, when you said he was unworthy to hold his crown; that, without law or justice, or consulting his council, he disturbed the realm; and that, without any shadow of reason, he banished those valiant men from his kingdom who ought to be its defenders. For all of which I present my glove,
and

and shall prove, my body against yours, that you are a false and wicked traitor.'

"The earl of Derby was confounded at this address, and retired a few paces, without demanding from the duke his father, or any of his friends, how he should act. Having mused awhile, he advanced, with his hood in his hand, towards the king, and said—'Earl marshal, I say that thou art a false and wicked traitor, which I will bodily prove on thee; and here is my glove.'

"The earl marshal, seeing his challenge was accepted, showed a good desire for the combat, by taking up the glove, and saying—'I refer your answer to the good pleasure of the king, and the lords now present. I will prove that what you have said is false, and that my words are true.'

The king consenting, preparations were made at Coventry for the combat, where a grand amphitheatre was erected, and provided with seats. On the day appointed, the two noblemen came into the vicinity of the lists, accompanied by their friends and relations. The duke of Angoulême

acted as high constable for the day, and the duke of Surrey as high marshal. Each was attended by a number of persons bearing staffs, to preserve order, habited in silk embroidered with silver.

The earl of Derby, as the challenger, went first to the barriers of the lists, mounted on a white courser, barbed with green and blue velvet embroidered with golden swans and antelopes; and himself, completely armed at all points, bore his sword drawn in his right hand. The two officers met him, and demanded who he was? To which he replied by declaring his name, and the cause of his appearance there; swearing, besides, upon the Evangelists, that his quarrel was just, and demanding to enter the lists upon that ground. He then pulled his beaver down, put up his sword, made the sign of the cross upon his forehead, entered the lists, dismounted, and seated himself on a chair of green velvet, placed within a traverse of green and blue velvet at one end of them. Richard soon after made his appearance, surrounded by his whole court, in the most superb dresses, with the earl of St. Paul (who
came

came from France for the express purpose of witnessing the combat) in his train, and a guard of ten thousand men. Immediately after the monarch had taken his seat, proclamation was made, forbidding any person to touch the lists upon pain of death.

Another herald then proclaimed the presence of the earl of Derby, and that he was ready to prove his assertions, under the penalty of being considered false and cowardly. The duke of Norfolk instantly rode forward, armed, with his horse covered by crimson velvet, embroidered with silver lions and mulberry trees; and having performed similar ceremonies with his antagonist, proceeded to his chair of crimson velvet, curtained by red and white damask. The marshal examined their spears, and restored them to the parties. The heralds commanded the chairs to be removed, and the combatants to commence the assault, which they had no sooner done than the king threw down his warder. The heralds exclaimed—"Ho! —, &c. &c." They were banished.—*Malcolm's Anecdotes.*

The eccentric emperor Paul of Russia, in modern times, entertained this notion of chivalry ; he actually challenged the monarchs of the belligerent powers of Europe to decide with him the contest by duel.

Page 94. *The hundred golden florins.*

The florin was of gold, coined by Edward the Third, and of the value of six shillings and eight pence, or, according to the common mode of counting money, eighty pence.

Page 134. *It is the private signal for my seneschal.*

The ancient office of seneschal comprised the chief stewardship of the royal or noble household, the administration of justice, commissary, and sometimes director of the wars. In the reign of Charlemagne, and several of the succeeding monarchs

narchs of France, the seneschal ranked next to the counts and bishops. In later times the office branched into masters of the household, high constables, commanders in chief, and judges of the high justiciary.

Page 156. *His beautiful daughter, for whom two gallant youths were contending in the royal lists.*

The tournament was the most important, the most dignified and expensive, of all entertainments; and for that reason confined to princes, barons, and knights, as even the esquires were forbid to enter the lists at them. A modern can barely imagine the interest and splendour of these martial exhibitions, which, in many respects, equalled, and in some excelled, those of the Roman circus. The area of the tournament was the theatre on which emperors, kings, and their nobles of every rank who were knights, contended for the prize due to superior skill in arms; and

when we consider that the spectators, both male and female, were composed of all that was powerful, honourable, and beautiful, from every part of Europe, we may readily conceive the magnificence of the scene, the polished armour, the dazzling display of rich silks, embroidered with gold and silver, and the jewellery of the ladies.

It is very probable that the idea of tournaments originated from Rome ; if so, the people of this country were not altogether indebted to the Normans for their knowledge on the subject, though it cannot be disputed they introduced the pomp, order, and regulations, which prevailed at the celebration after their arrival. Policy prevented the encouragement of tournaments soon after the invasion, and they were far from frequent before the reign of Richard the First, who granted licences for them, and exacted a duty from each of the combatants.

The times selected by monarchs for tournaments were usually upon their obtaining a victory, their marriage, or coronation ; and on those occasions heralds were sent to the surrounding courts

courts with general invitations to all true knights. A spacious plain was selected, and enclosed by towers and curtains, ornamented with such architectural designs as were the style of the period; within those, and facing the arena, were seats of various elevations and decorations suited to the personages intended to occupy them, composed of sovereigns, princes, their consorts, lords, ladies, knights, judges of the combats, heralds, and musicians. Those knights who proposed to enter the lists suspended their shields, for some days previous to the tournament, in the cloister of a monastery situated near the scene of action, where it was customary for knights and ladies to examine them: if one of the latter touched a shield, it was considered as an accusation of the proprietor, who was immediately brought to trial, and if found guilty of any offence against the laws of chivalry, expulsion and infamy to the party were the immediate consequence.

On the appointed day, the whole assembly took their seats to the sound of music, and in due time the various combatants entered the lists, conducted

conducted each by the lady in whose honour he intended to fight. The contest then commenced, and was conducted precisely according to the mode of warfare in use at the time, on horseback, on foot, knight to knight, or in parties, with daggers, swords, lances, battle-axes, &c. &c. As the tournament generally continued for some days, the judges, formed of the most experienced knights, awarded the prizes at the close of each day's exhibition, which were delivered to the victors by the most fascinating ladies of the highest rank: other ladies, of the presiding sovereign's court, met them on their triumphant procession to the palace, disencumbered their limbs of their armour, and finally, dressed in rich robes, they were seated at table, the objects of universal applause and admiration, while poets and minstrels composed and sung in their praise, and their deeds were registered.—*Malcolm's Anecdotes.*

Page 171. *His black glossy beard.*

When the fair sex were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the sight of a shaved chin excited feelings of horror and aversion; as much, indeed, as, in this less heroic age, would a gallant whose luxuriant beard should “stream like a meteor to the troubled air.” When Louis the Seventh, to obey the injunctions of his bishops, cropped his head and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the count of Anjou, afterwards our Henry the Second. She had for her marriage dowry the rich provinces of Poictou and Guienne, and this was the origin of those wars which, for three hundred years, ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men; all which probably would have never occurred, had not Louis the
Seventh

Seventh been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he became so disgusting in the eyes of our queen Eleanor.

We cannot perhaps sympathize with the feelings of her majesty, though at Constantinople she might not be considered quite unreasonable. There must be something more powerful in *beards and mustachios* than we are quite aware of; for when these were in fashion, with what enthusiasm were they not contemplated! When *mustachios* were in general use, an author, in his Elements of Education, published in 1640, thinks that “hairy excrement,” as Armado, in “Love’s Labour Lost,” calls it, contributed to make men valorous. He says—“I have a favourable opinion of that young gentleman who is *curious in fine mustachios*. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them, is no lost time; for the more he contemplates his mustachios, the more his mind will cherish, and be animated by, masculine and courageous notions.” The best reason that could be given for wearing *the longest and largest beard* of any Englishman, was that of
a worthy

a worthy clergyman in Elizabeth's reign, "that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance."

Page 189. *The dignities of lord high constable and earl marshal.*

*These were two of the most ancient and puissant offices of the state, and formerly were held by one and the same person, until the twentieth year of Richard the Second, when the offices were severed, and Thomas earl of Nottingham was created, by grant, first hereditary marshal. The office of lord high constable became then an hereditary office in families, by tenour of particular manors in grand serjeantry, and that of marshal by grant from the crown.

In appeals of murder, upon the day appointed by the constable and marshal, the parties made their appearance, armed with clubs or battoons; and before the conflict began, each of them took the following oath—"That they had neither eat

or drank on that day, nor done any thing else by which the law of God might be depressed, or the law of the devil exalted." Then the combat began, which consisted of wounds and bruises, oftentimes occasioning immediate death, *secundum legem baculi*. It was singular that this bloody conflict sometimes lasted the whole day. Now, how the combatants could maintain such a long and severe interchange of blows without intermission, for nothing of this kind is mentioned, is difficult to determine. If the appellee yielded before the close of the day, he was sentenced to be immediately hanged; but if he could support the blows of the assailant till that time, he was then quit of the appeal. On the contrary, if the appellant declined the contest, he was sentenced to outlawry, and to pay damages to the appellee.—Glanvil. lib. 14.—Bracton, lib. 3.—Smith de Repub. Angl. lib. 2.—Britton, c. 22.

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